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Auburn illustrated.



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AUBURN

Illustrated.

H. R. PAGE & CO.

1890.

HB





SCENE ON CREEK AUBURN.

I hear the tread of pioneers,
Of nations yet to be;
The first low wash of waves, where soon
Shall roll a human sea.

The rudiments of empire here
Are plastic yet and warm;
The chaos of a mighty world
Is rounding into form.

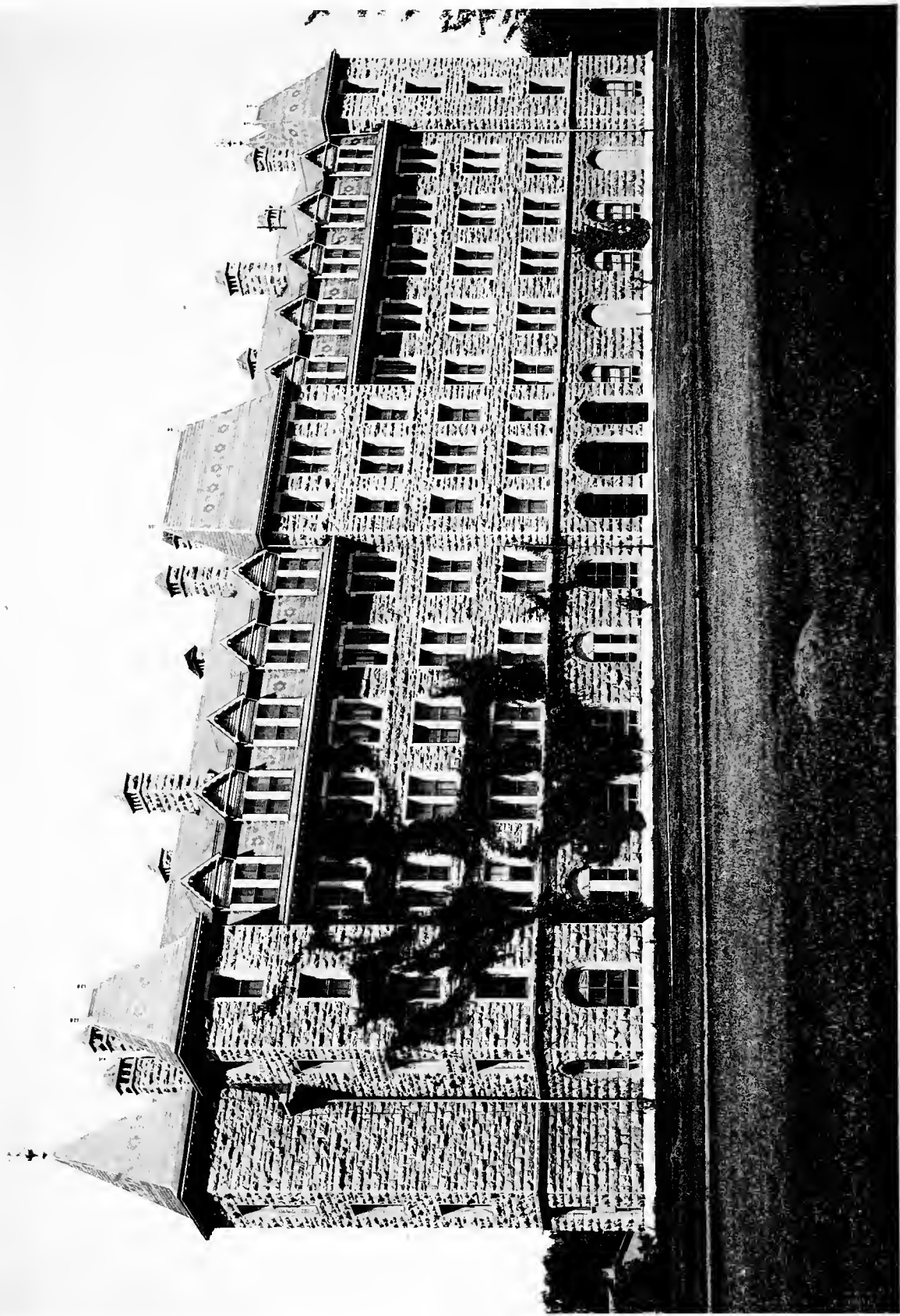
Each rude and jostling fragment soon
Its fitting place shall find—
The raw material of a State,
Its muscle and its mind.

And, westering still, the star which leads
The new world in its train
Has tipped with fire the icy spears
Of many a mountain chain.

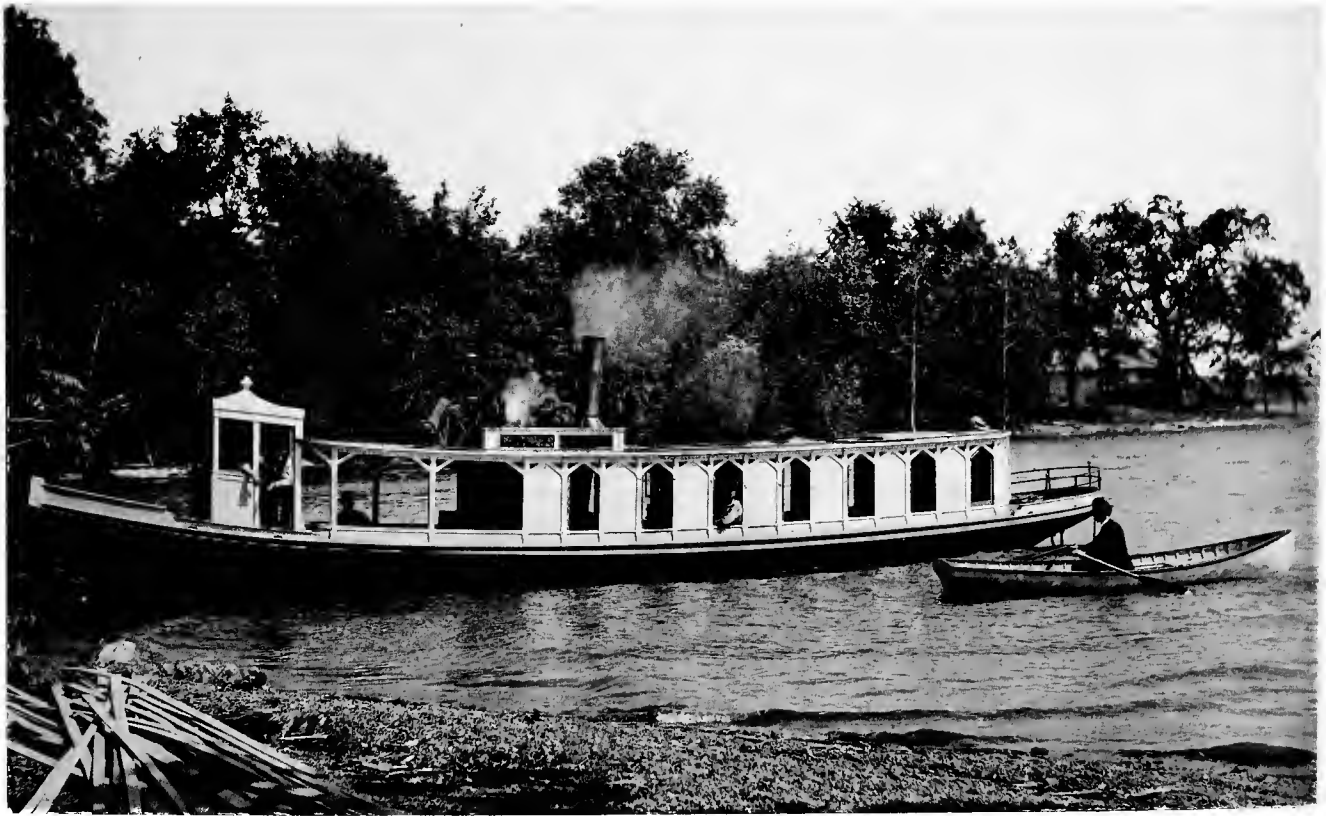
—*Whittier.*

THE genius of Fenimore Cooper had thrown its halo around the olden wigwam and council fire—the log cabin of the sturdy Dutch or Puritan pioneer—the rising temples of faith on the Atlantic slopes of our western land. Already had the valley of the Hudson and the Mohawk been made a Mecca of national pilgrimage by those who dwelt in delight upon the legends of Rip Van Winkle and Ichabod Crane, of Brombones and the fair daughter of Baltus Van Tassel. Thus Cooper and Irving had done for the land of the Adirondacks and Catskills even more than Longfellow, Whittier or Holmes for the land of the earlier Pilgrims. They had pictured it in its wild woodland state, and had drawn partly upon historic records and partly upon an ever rich and exhaustless fancy for the materials of their pioneer tales. Yet, even as they wrote, away to the west, many miles beyond the fountains of the Mohawk, there lay the rich, rolling region of the central and western lakes—the land of the Onondagas and the Cayugas, of the Senecas, Ontarios and Niagaras. And even then, while these great magicians of American descriptive prose were boys, or else unborn, the way was being paved by sturdy hands of Pilgrim-descended pioneers for the fuller settlement of that rarely beautiful, healthful and prosperous land of lakes and wheat-fields, and rich manufacturing cities, known as Central New York.

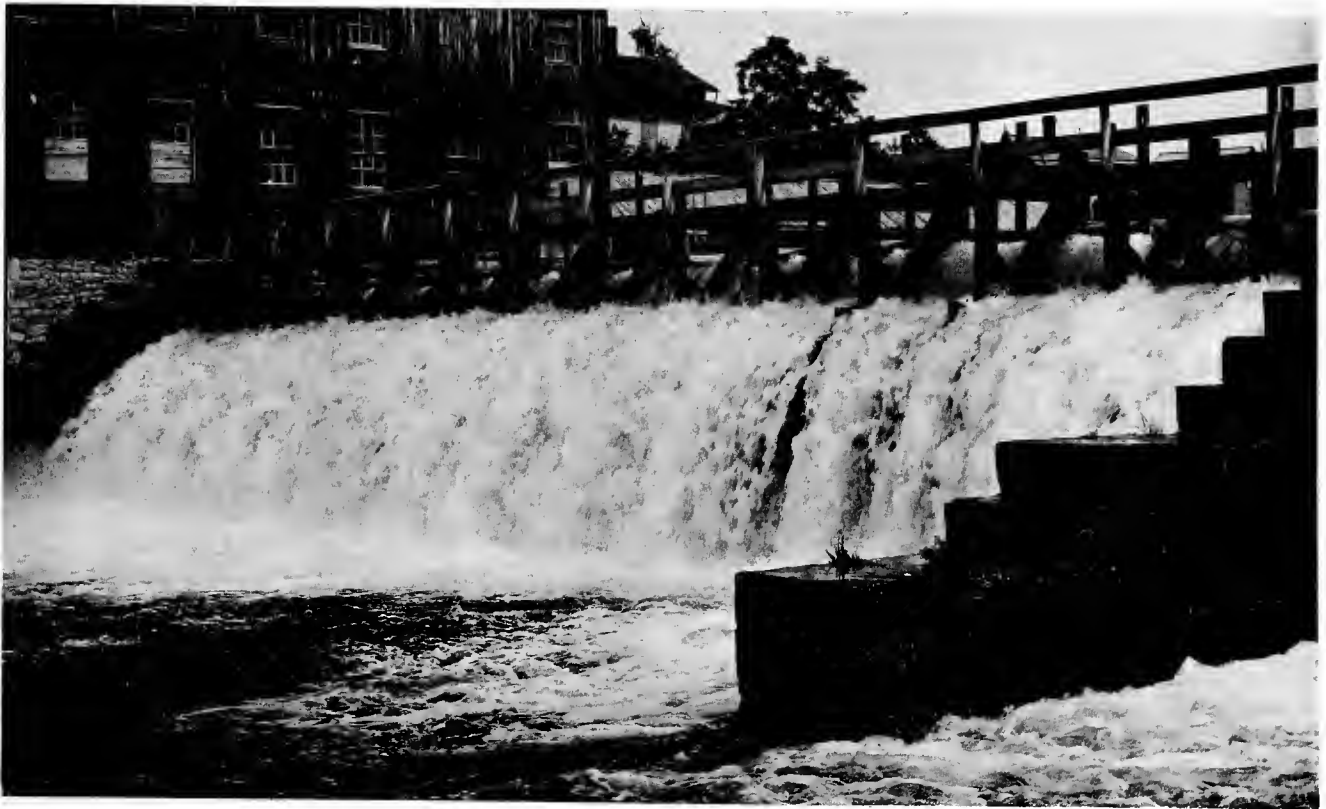
In the low sweep of valley land enclosed on either side by lofty hills and crests, and almost in its middle, flows a sluggish swamp inlet for several miles, losing itself, seemingly, in a dense forest. But emerging from the shade, behold the mouth of the inlet opens upon a lake sixteen miles long, and varying from three-quarters of a mile to one mile and a half in width, studded with beautiful cottages, boat houses, club houses and summer hotels, and terminating in its outlet with the famed Townsend Island, a place which has its future as a summer resort, and upon which already a number of handsome summer structures have arisen during the past year, almost as if by magic. This is Owasco Lake, and here is the outlet. From the foot of the beautiful Owasco down this narrow but swift, deep current, past manors and cottages, old and new, past teeming harvest fields, through dark green forests, under beetling hillsides, we at length find ourselves within plain view of the church spires and factory chimneys of Auburn, which is well compared with the “loveliest village of the plain,” from which it took its designation—the home of William H. Seward, the great apostle of the Higher Law, and the leader of American thought in the crusade of abolition. Here is his home as he left it; here are his children and descendants to the fourth generation; and here, a stone’s throw from the home in which he lived and died, is the majestic bronze statue, mounted on granite and appropri-



MORGAN HALL.



SCENE ON OWASCO LAKE.



THE BIG DAM.



SCENE ON WEST GENESEE ST.



COURT HOUSE.



CITY HALL.



RESIDENCE OF GEN. MAC DOUGALL.



RESIDENCE OF J. H. OSBORNE.



Part Two.

AUBURN

Illustrated.

Published in Nine Parts.



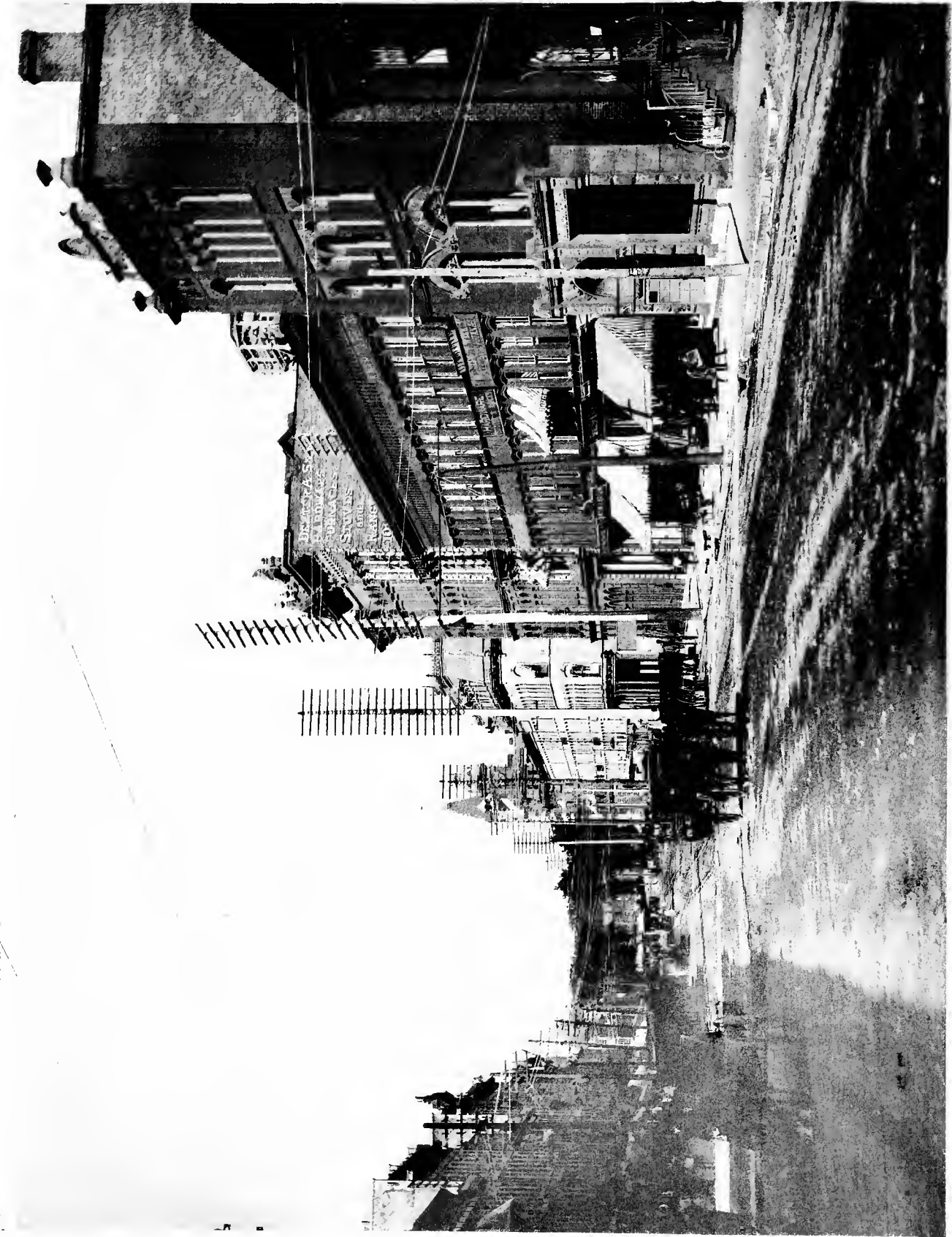
H. R. PAGE & CO.

1890.





WILLARD MONUMENT.



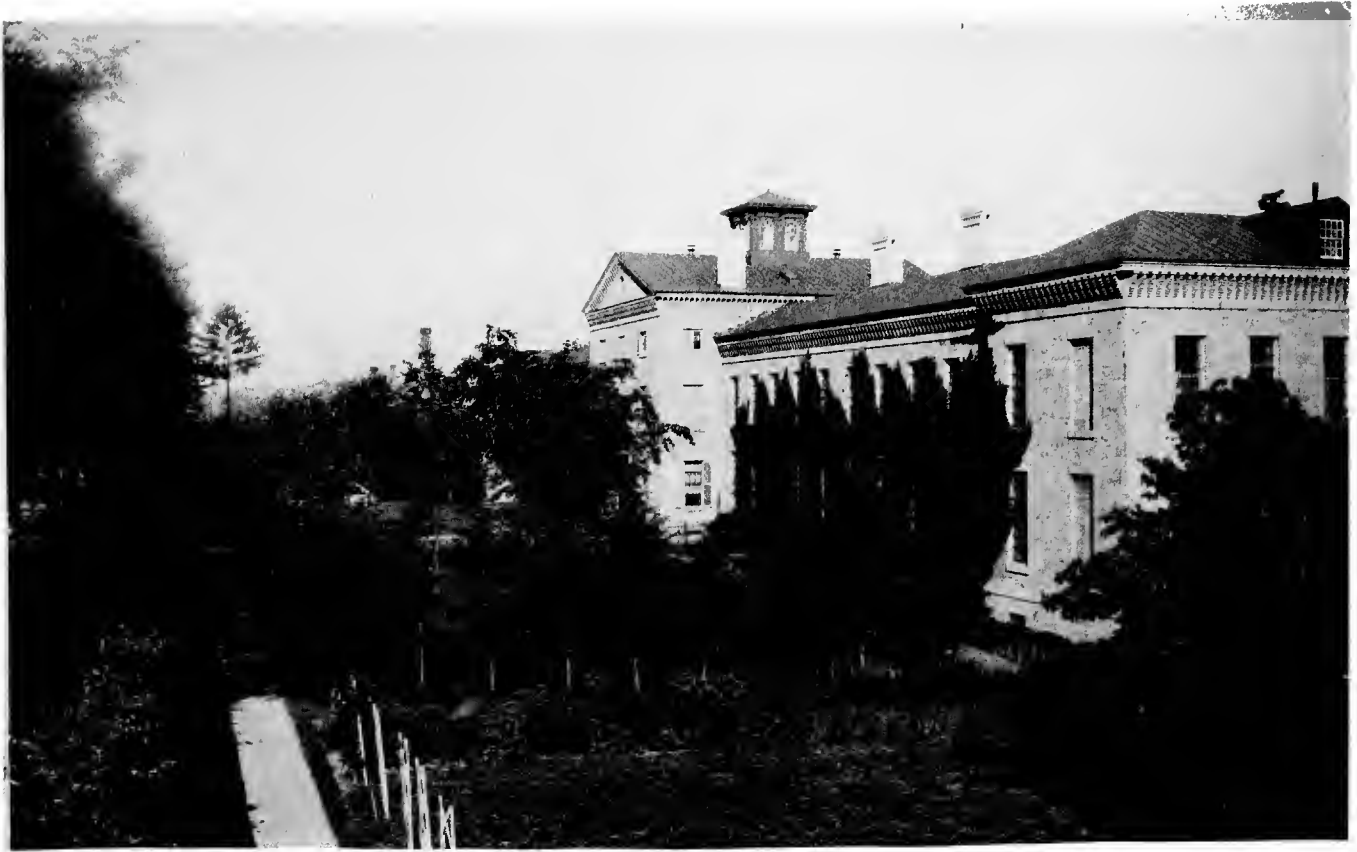
SCENE ON GENESEE ST.



SCENE ON THE CREEK.



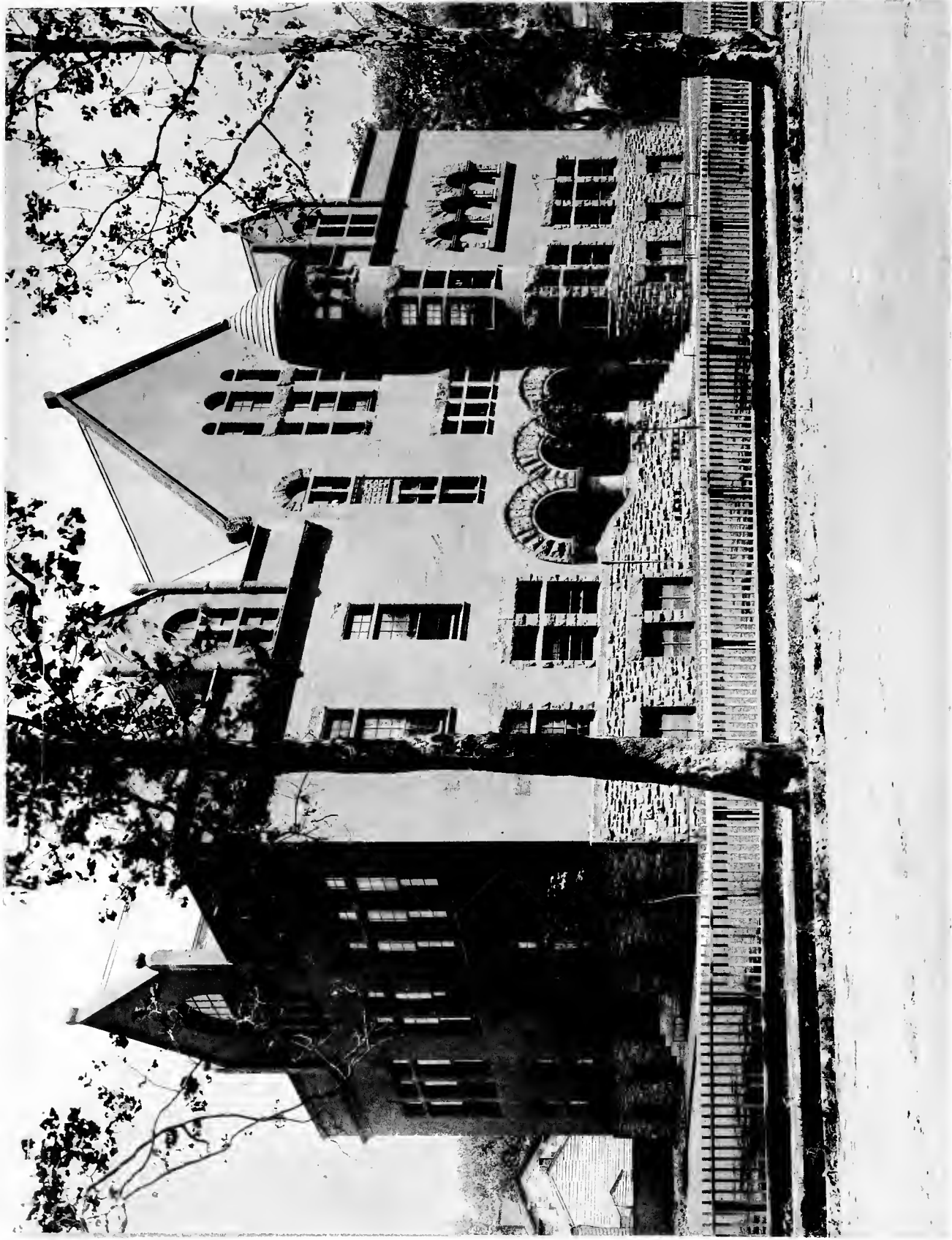
THE FALLS AT NYE & WAIT'S, AUBURN.



STATE ASYLUM.



CITY HOSPITAL.



HIGH SCHOOL.



RESIDENCE OF MRS. WILLARD.



RESIDENCE OF MRS. SARTWELL.

ately inscribed, which was unveiled and dedicated on the 10th of November, 1888, and on which occasion Evarts, the friend, admirer and compeer of Seward, himself the Cicero of the Senate, made an oration of surpassing beauty and eloquence.

There is an eminence on the north side of Fort Hill, Auburn's City of the Dead, which is appropriately named Mount Auburn. It might, however, have been well named Mount Cayuga. Its summit is crowned by beautiful trees, under which, on rustic seats, especially on the summer Sabbath afternoon, the visitor drinks in a scene of rare beauty. Literally, at his feet is the city of Auburn, for he sees it almost from its southern limits. The spacious residences of West Genesee and other prominent streets are half hidden by the dense foliage, which is the crowning glory of Auburn, a characteristic so marked and universal that in parts of Auburn, so goes the local proverb, every private residence has its park. Far to the northeast, in bold relief against the blue summer sky, are the splendid buildings of the Auburn Theological Seminary, themselves on a wide, elevated lawn of many acres, but which from this eminence seem just on a level with the gazer's eye.

Directly fronting us from this point are the twin churches of upper Genesee Street, the First Baptist, whose corner-stone was laid only a few years ago and which is justly famed as one of the most elaborate and beautiful piles of granite in this section of the State, and old St. Peter's Episcopal, which already, with the ivy creeping up its sides and the slabs in its now disused graveyard darkening with age, is still of comparatively modern freshness and beauty. To the northwest, past the mile or more of houses and factories, there spread the hills of Northern and Western Cayuga, forming a perfect panorama of loveliness. We see beyond the wide Cayuga Lake over into the adjoining counties of Wayne and Seneca, yet can not see the silver thread of the lake that comes upon the vision of the traveler as he reaches the brow of the hill a few miles to the west.

Turning to the east on a broad, level plot crowning precipitous sides, we see, as in a group, the old court house of Cayuga County, the splendid new Clerk's office and jail, and, just beyond, another group of churches, the Central Presbyterian recently constructed, the First Methodist, a large and imposing edifice, which with its recent annex makes it cover more ground than almost any other church in the city. Nearly opposite are the Universalist and the Second Presbyterian churches, and there between the Seminary's battlemented towers and the eye of the observer is the splendid First Presbyterian Church, situated almost in the center of the city, and comprising one of the wealthiest congregations in Central New York. And there, a little to the left—for seen from this distance these buildings look comparatively near together—is the Roman Catholic Church of the Holy Family, which, like St. Mary's, consider-



Part Three.

AUBURN

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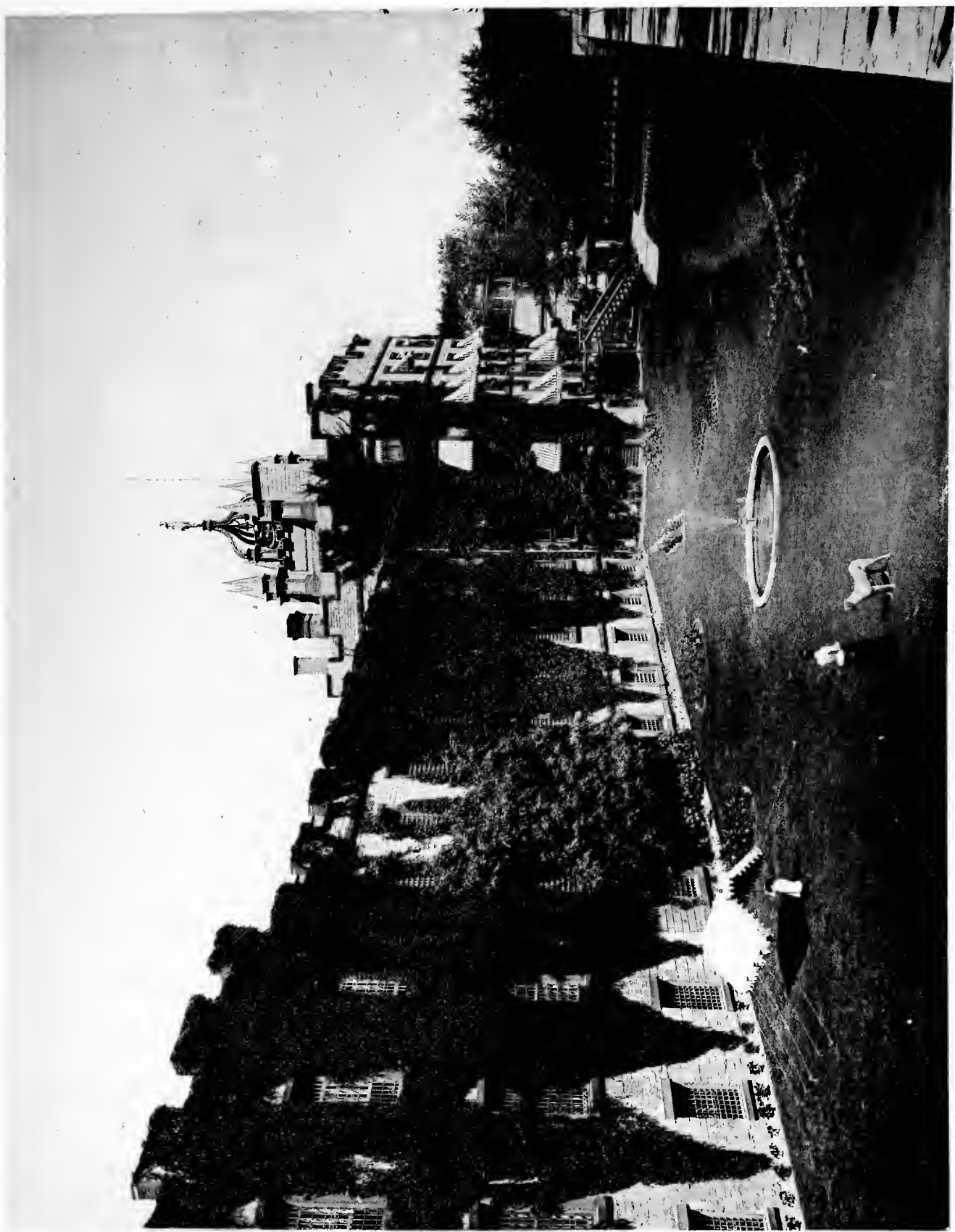
H. R. PAGE & CO.

1890.





SCENE ON CREEK FROM UPPER BRIDGE.



AUBURN STATE PRISON.



SCENES IN FORT HILL CEMETERY.

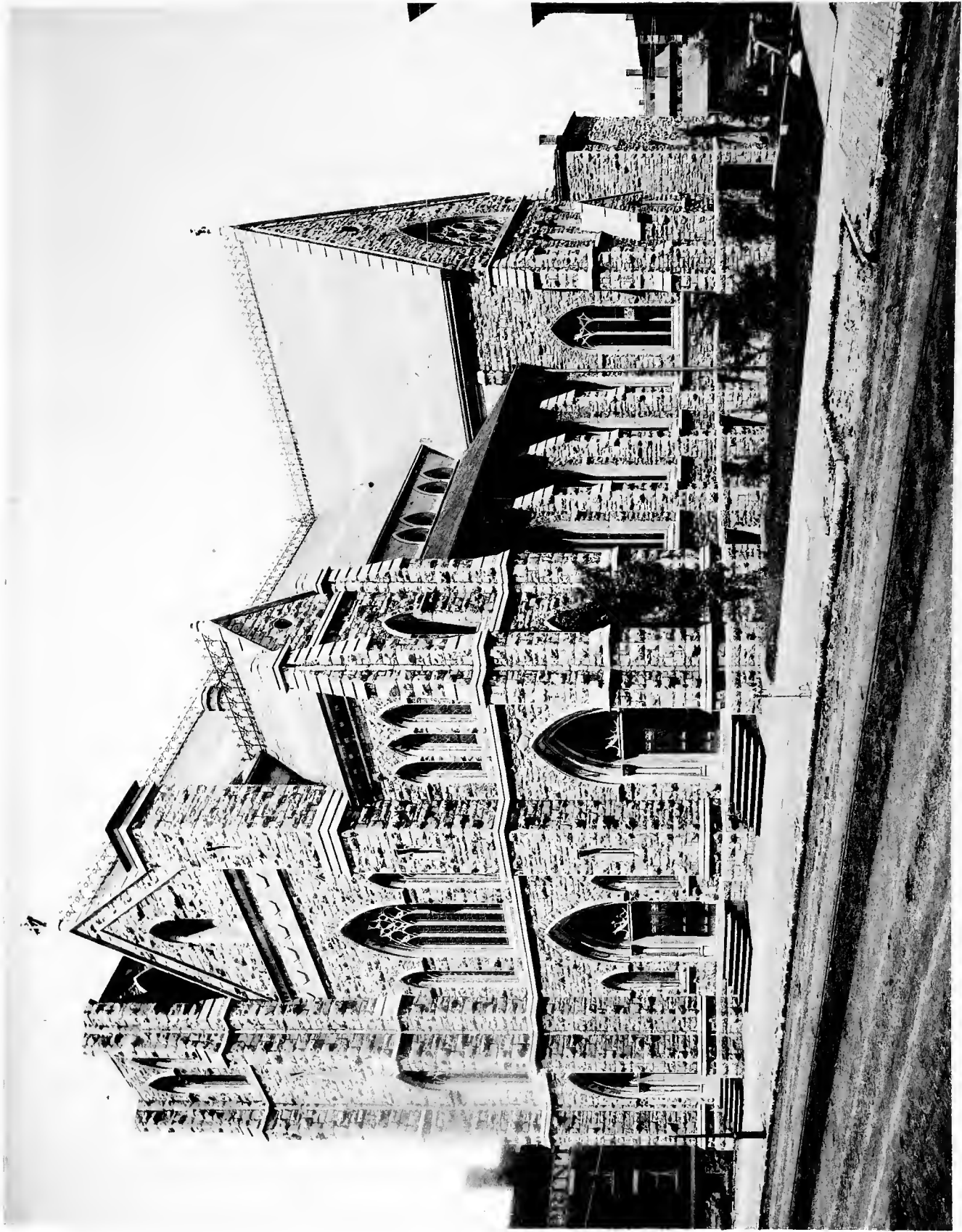




SCENE AT OWASCO LAKE.



SCENE AT WILLOW POINT, OWASCO LAKE.



ST. MARY'S CHURCH.



RESIDENCE OF HON. THEO. M. POMEROY.



RESIDENCE OF H. D. NOBLE.

ably further to the west, has no spire, but both are solid piles. Of late, however, the construction of the new Government building has thrown even the pretentious churches of Auburn into the shade. This building, crowning a gentle slope on the north side of the city's main thoroughfare, Genesee street, marks the present limit between the business portion of the street and the residences to the westward, among which are those of a number of families widely known in the social and business circles of this country. Among these may be mentioned Hon. Theodore M. Pomeroy, ex-Representative in Congress and Vice-President of the American Express Company, whose house, a handsome, old-fashioned structure, has in its rear one of the loveliest of natural and artificial parks, reaching from street to street; Rev. John Brainard, D. D., rector of Saint Peter's Episcopal Church, and a clergyman of extensive national as well as local acquaintance; Delamer E. Clapp, manager of the famous E. D. Clapp Manufacturing Company, his father, the lamented Emerous D. Clapp, who died in June, 1889, having been the founder; Theodore P. Case, Esq., one of Auburn's wealthiest and most hospitable citizens, and the late Dr. Sylvester Willard, a physician and business man widely known throughout the State of New York, and more particularly known through his munificent endowments to the Auburn Theological Seminary and other religious and educational institutions. His widow, Mrs. Jane F. Willard, who so nobly co-operated with her husband in his labors of faith and love, has at this writing just entered into rest. Their residence, crowning a prominent situation on the first slope of the western hill, commands an enchanting view of woodland and plain, and is itself one of the noblest specimens of architecture in the city.

Had Auburn possessed one of the euphonious Indian names in which so many of our States, cities, counties and rivers rejoice, it could hardly have retained more distinctive vestiges of its Indian associations and the memories of the great confederacy of nations which once roamed over the noble forests and skimmed in their canoes the many charming lakes and rivers with which it is flecked. No city in this section is richer in memories of the American pioneer and in those traditions which, floating down the century or more of this country's post-revolutionary progress, are an exhaustless theme for the poet and painter, the antiquary and the ethnologist. The Cayugas gave their name to the long, slender strip, reaching from the headlands of Lake Ontario on the north nearly to the counties of the Southern Tier, and having on its east the beautiful little Skaneateles lake, on its west the broad and deep Cayuga. Of this history a valuable repository is found here in the Cayuga County Historical Society, which has numbered prominently on its muster roll the names of such men as the late Reverend Charles Hawley, D. D., pastor of the first Presbyterian Church of Auburn, the present General Seward and others. To Dr. Hawley, a man of New England lineage and early associations, is due pre-emi-

nent credit, along with another distinguished local antiquary and member of the society, General John S. Clark, of seizing upon and treasuring many of these old legends and memorials. It is hoped that the day is not far distant when Auburn genius and research will collect these *disjecta membra* of a far receded past and weave them into enduring forms of more than local interest, for such memories as these are part of our common heritage as Americans, and each as they lift their heads, *rari nantes in gurgite vasto*, like Virgil's shipwrecked mariners, should be rescued by the historian's loving hands and brought forth luminously upon the historic camera, with as little of the iconoclastic spirit as possible, for legend, as well as hard fact, must be taken into consideration in tracing the events which led to the formation of the great Iroquois confederacy among others—legends that breathe in the very air of our own beautiful Owasco, and which give a local coloring all its own to the majestic sweep of Niagara and to every turn and angle in that stately gorge where the lakes of the west discharge their greenly turbid waters into the mighty Ontario,

“While the sweat

Of their great agony, wrung out from this,

Their Phlegethon, curls round the rocks of jet

That gird the gulf around in pitiless horror set.”

One hundred years ago there was no Auburn. The comparative youthfulness of the city was keenly felt by its inhabitants when, on the 5th of July, 1887, trains packed to their utmost capacity with Auburn excursionists steamed off in early morning to help the neighboring village of Seneca Falls celebrate her centennial. In 1893, however, the old Hardenburgh Corners, now the fair and flourishing city of Auburn, will have this pleasure for herself.

John L. Hardenburgh, the pioneer founder of this city, may be said to share that honor with Robert Dill and William Bostwick. Colonel Hardenburgh was a military surveyor, and the bond for the purchase money of his land, £90 for the land containing the main water power of the city, is among the archives of the present Historical Society.

Colonel Hardenburgh was one of the heroes of the War of Independence, having been a Captain in the Revolutionary army. He accompanied General Sullivan in his expedition against the Six Nations. His keen vision was prophetic in its estimate of the manufacturing future of Auburn. But it was by no means as a mere business venture that the founder of New York's “loveliest village” pitched his tent and staked off his claim by the turbid outlet of the Owasco. He was a student of topography from instinct and by the habits of a lifetime. His territorial manor-house was a cabin strongly built, almost on the brink of the then picturesque stream—picturesque now where factories and places of business have not walled it around. A few hundred yards above the site of this, Auburn's first settlement, is a miniature Niagara, in the shape



Part Four.

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NEW YORK STATE ARMORY.

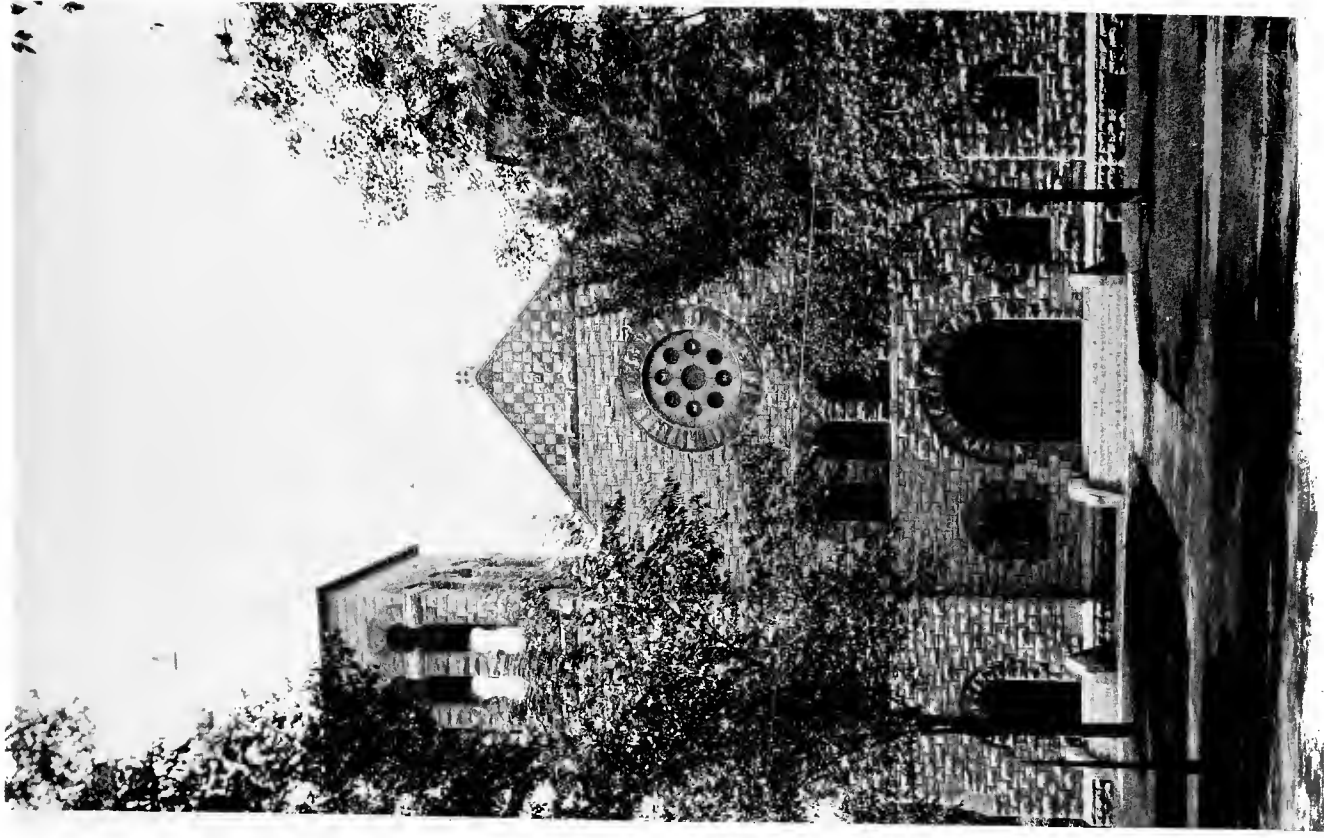


SCENES IN FORT HILL CEMETERY.





SCENE ON CREEK FROM UPPER BRIDGE.



CENTRAL PRESBYTERIAN CHURCH.



ST. PETERS EPISCOPAL CHURCH.



RESIDENCE OF C. A. MCCARTHY.



RESIDENCE OF SAM'L LAURIE.



SCENE AT WOODSIDE, OWASCO LAKE.



SCENE AT DRIVING PARK.

of the thunderous discharge of the surplus water of the big dam over a mass of rock through a gorge which is yet rich in scenic loveliness, and which, in Colonel Hardenburgh's day, must have been

"A valley as fair to behold
As aught in old fables."

It is interesting, historically, that the sinews which supplied the labor of Auburn's first village settlement, in 1793, were furnished by the sturdy arms of pioneers from a vicinity, which, just seventy years later, shook with the thunder of the greatest conflict in the western world. The vicinity of Gettysburg supplied this early colony, and, beautiful as are the surroundings of their now classic fields and hills, they must have deemed the land of the Cayuga Iroquois in many respects more beautiful still. It was leaving the sight of towering hills for the margin of as majestic lakes—the land of comparatively early spring and lengthened summer for a colder, but not on that account less inviting clime. These were men of strong arms and resolute wills, and still the family names of Van Tyne and Brinkerhoff linger as mementoes of two of these bold spirits, who turned this northern Arcadia into a land of Saxon homes and of that Saxon speech which

Goes with freedom, thought and truth,
To rouse and rule the world.

The first white child born at Hardenburgh Corners was that of John H., son of Colonel Hardenburgh, in 1798.

The wife of Colonel Hardenburgh was a daughter of Roeliff Brinkerhoff, one of these Gettysburg pioneers, and local tradition has it that he made her acquaintance while she was waiting for a grist of meal to be ground, which she had brought on horseback several miles through the forest. One of the joint settlers, William Bostwick, whose name we have above mentioned, became the happy father of two girls, after his settlement at these Corners, and these were the first white girl children of the future Auburn. Were some of Auburn's dainty daughters of the present day, who inhabit the elegant homes so richly spread over South and West Genesee streets, transported back to the log village on the rushing, rocky Owasco, they would hardly recognize the most familiar marks of that early day. Yet it is the charm of Auburn, conspicuously among the many cities of the Empire State, that it still retains a wealth of lawn and forest growth which has been preserved with almost superstitious care. From the venerable Miller homestead, immortalized in American history as the home of William H. Seward, the arch of giant elms and poplars and maples, beginning, keeps on far up the avenue, making of South street one of the coolest, most picturesque and purely sylvan boulevards in this country.

One word as to this venerable mansion: The plot on which it stands, beginning with broad base near the center of Auburn's business streets, sharp-



Part Five.

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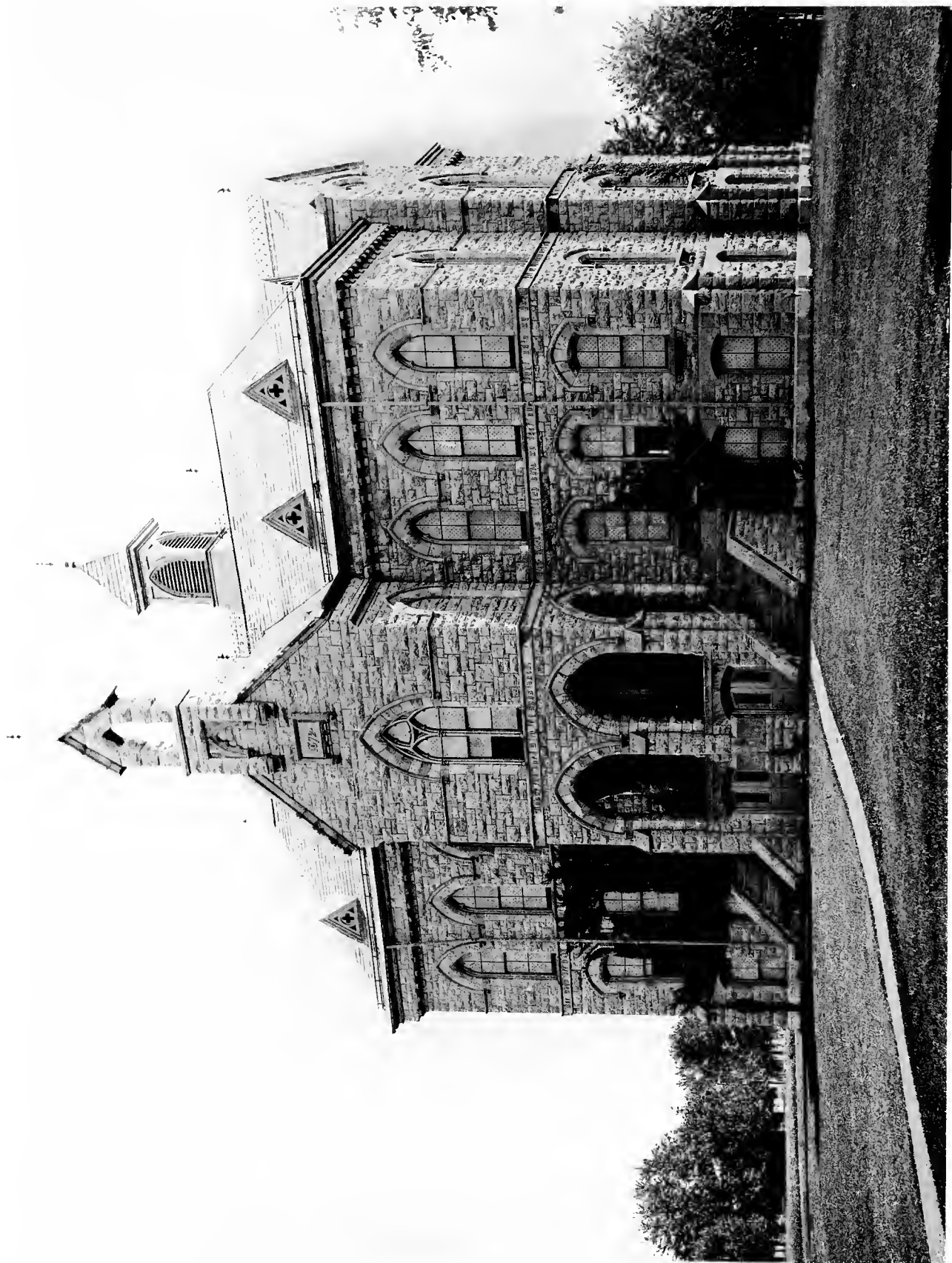
GOVERNMENT BUILDING.



RESIDENCE OF MRS. D. M. OSBORNE.



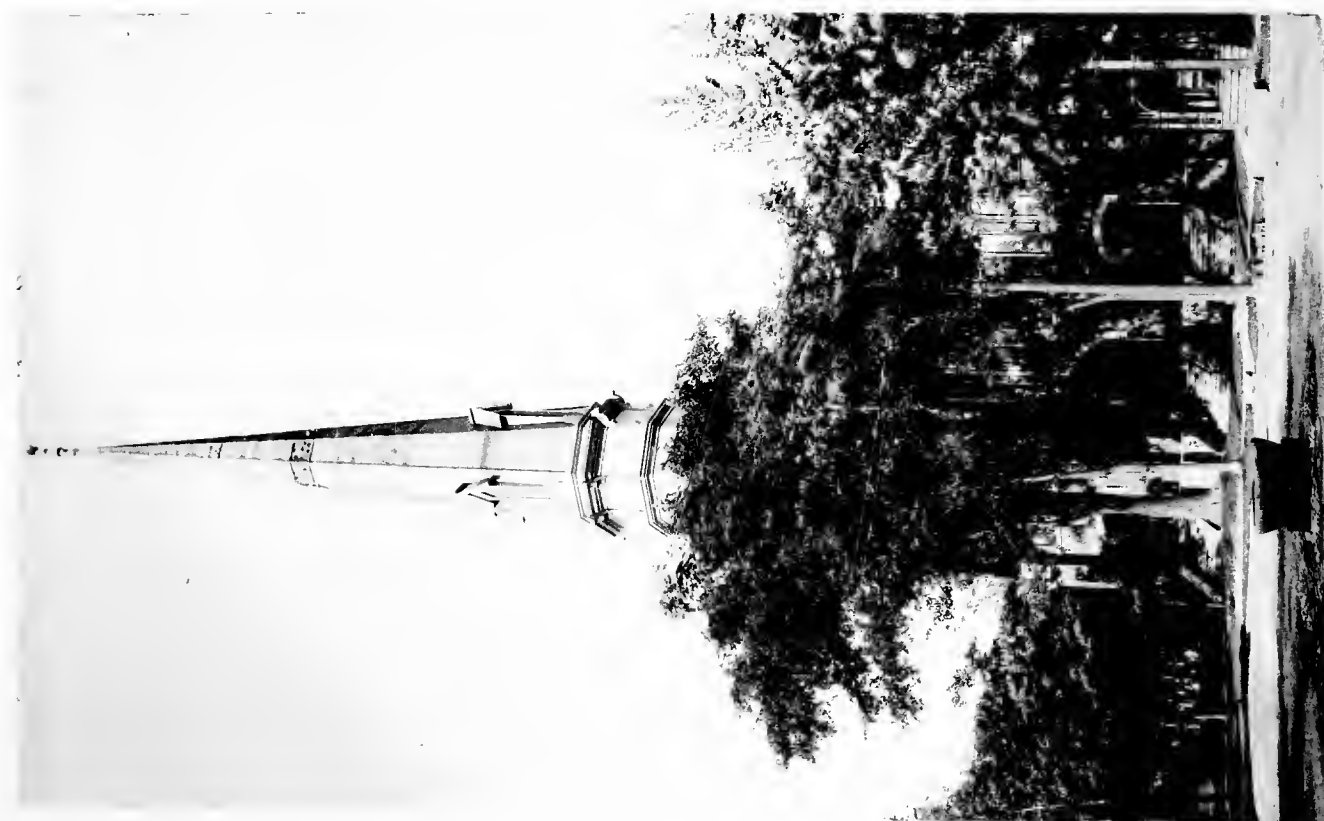
RESIDENCE OF G. W. ALLEN.



DODGE-MORGAN MEMORIAL LIBRARY BUILDING.



FIRST PRESBYTERIAN CHURCH.



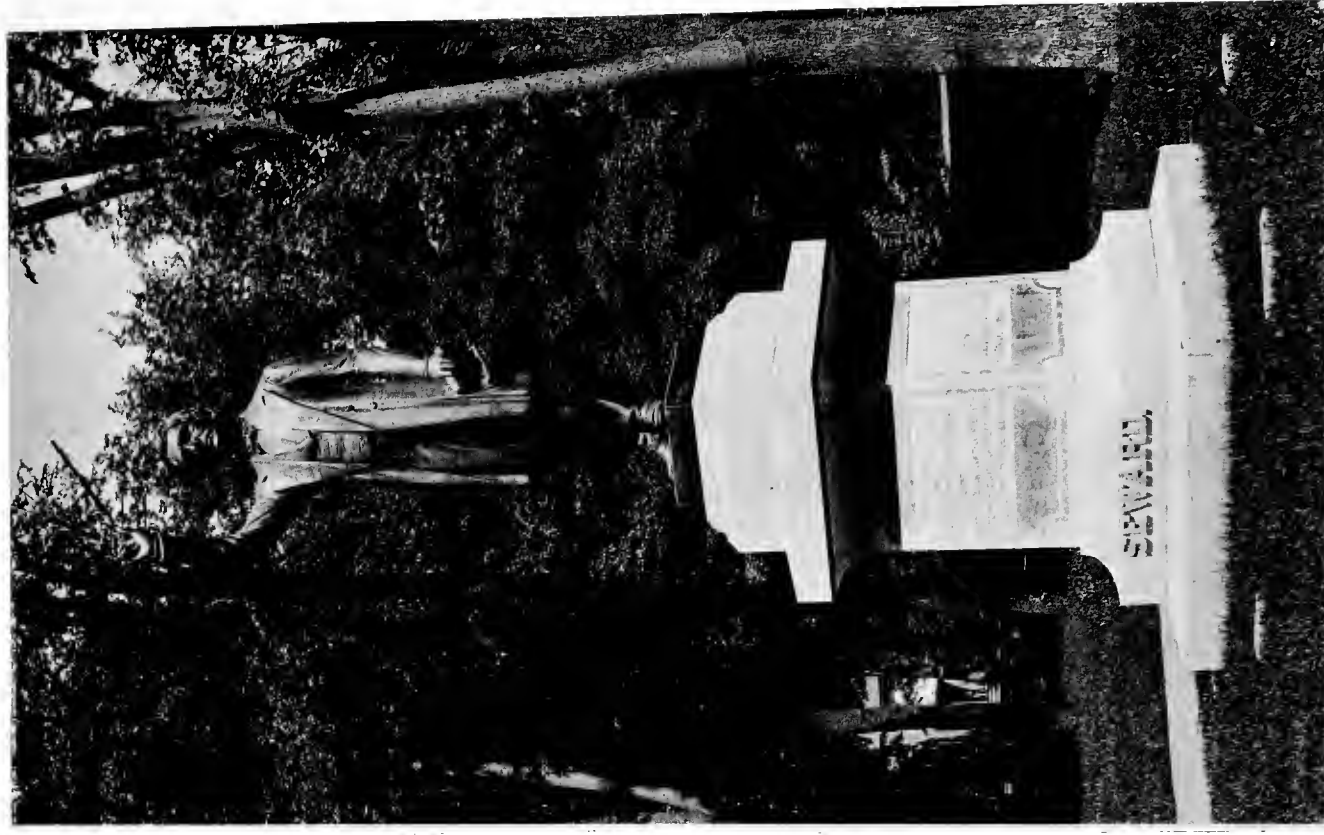
FIRST UNIVERSALIST CHURCH.



THE STONE MILL DAM.



SCENE IN FORT HILL CEMETERY.



BRONZE STATUE OF SECRETARY SEWARD.

ens into a triangle, now known as Seward Park, with its statue of the great war secretary. A part of the private grounds of the Seward estate was deeded to the city in 1887 by the present heirs, in order that the statue itself might be fitly set off with a capacious plot. To do this it was necessary to remove a few feet further toward the homestead the historic Seward arbor, a charming nook where Mr. Seward sat sometimes during a large part of the summer day and down to the last year of his life, and whither he often invited the distinguished visitors of this and other lands, who came to renew their acquaintance with New York's most eminent son.

The local tradition of Mr. Seward's meeting with the future lady of his choice is that it occurred in church on Christmas day and that his prepossession was immediate and lasting. Mr. Seward, however, shatters this pleasing legend by the statement that he met Miss Miller while she was attending Miss Willard's popular seminary in Troy, where Mr. Seward himself had a sister. Their marriage took place on the 20th of October, 1824, Mr. Seward being then only 23 years old. A happier marriage is not recorded, and the tomb in Coronation Dell, on Fort Hill, was for the veteran statesman in his last years a mecca of daily pilgrimage. In all weathers his gray head could be seen bared and his aged form bent there in seeming communion with her whom he had loved and lost. The lovers of Boston's Mount Auburn and New York's Greenwood would still not disdain the perfect type of sylvan loveliness which Fort Hill presents. Its most conspicuous object is the rocky pyramid, 60 to 80 feet high, on which a marble entablature, fronting the northern entrance, bears the famous historic keynote of anguish:

"WHO IS THERE TO MOURN FOR LOGAN?"

Logan, the chief, whose name is handed down in the readers and histories as a household word, and whose famous speech is as familiar to American boys as Antony's oration over Caesar, was himself, as is well known, the son of a Cayuga chief. His tribal name was Tah-gah-jute. Fearful were his injuries at the hands of ruffian whites and fearful his reprisal. This pyramid, its entablatured face turned towards the northern star, seems typical of Logan's matchless constancy and fidelity until cruelty had driven him mad. Crowning the beautiful hill with many a shaft or pillar around, rich in scroll and figure work and trailed with ivy that still fails to reach the level of that lofty apex, this touching tribute to the memory of the chief has a broadly American significance and makes Fort Hill, the garner of Seward's ashes and the shrine of Logan's special remembrance, historic and national ground. Every turn in its cool and shady avenues is a poem and a suggestion.

The manufactures of Auburn are its *raison d'être*. This is recognized in every way by its inhabitants. Foremost among these is the giant American industry of D. M. Osborne & Co., whose reapers and binders have found their

way and held their own in every country under heaven where the natives are sufficiently up with modern progress to demand improved methods of harvesting. The conduct of this vast concern, with its branches scattered all over the United States, in South America, and elsewhere, was, until a few years ago, in the hands of the man whose name it bears, Hon. David Munson Osborne, formerly a mayor of Auburn, and till his death, in July, 1886, during a long series of years, so popular, so esteemed, that, next to William H. Seward in his day, it was no discrimination to term him Auburn's foremost citizen.

Mr. Osborne's home in the upper part of South Street, with lands running back many yards to the enclosure of Fort Hill, is a palace. Its grounds, iron-railed on one side—that next to the avenue we have mentioned—and with a high evergreen hedge at the intersecting Fitch Avenue, are perhaps the most elaborate and beautiful of any in Auburn, although they join on one side the park-like premises of Mayor William C. Beardsley and on the other front the beautiful grounds, across the way, of General John N. Knapp, a political manager of national fame, and the present postmaster of Auburn. This is perhaps the focal point of that beauty for which South Street, Auburn, is so famed, and which has been so much admired by many visitors, among them General Grant, General Logan, Miss Amelia B. Edwards and others, on the occasion of their visits at the Seward home.

On the opposite side of South Street from the Osborne residence, and conspicuous for their size and style, are the homes of General Clinton D. MacDougall, whose regiment, the 111th, was distinguished at Gettysburg and elsewhere, of Mr. Douglas Beardsley, and of Mr. John H. Osborne, the latter one of the noblest residences in Auburn. Mr. Osborne is a brother of the late David M. Osborne, a member of the present firm and a liberal patron of the fine arts. The view from these three houses, more particularly towards the outlet and the lake, is superb.

Next to the beautiful grounds of Major Beardsley, mentioned above, is the splendid residence of Gorton W. Allen, treasurer of the D. M. Osborne Company, and a representative of the State of New York on the Chicago World's Fair Commission. Mr. Allen is a co-worker with such men as Chauncey M. Depew and other New Yorkers in the way of promoting public-spirited enterprises, and has already a wide reputation.

North street must not be left out of the bird's eye picture of this beautiful city. Near by are the splendid parapets of the seminary, which, gleaming in the sunset, look like an old castle or palace. Further up, the beautiful residences of George Casey, President of the Auburn Tool Company, with its conservatory, perhaps the finest in Auburn, that of Hon. C. C. Dwight, Hon. William B. Woodin and Mr. Charles Standart may be mentioned *en passant*. The view from the old North Street Cemetery and the near-by residence of Mr. Standart,



Part Six.

AUBURN

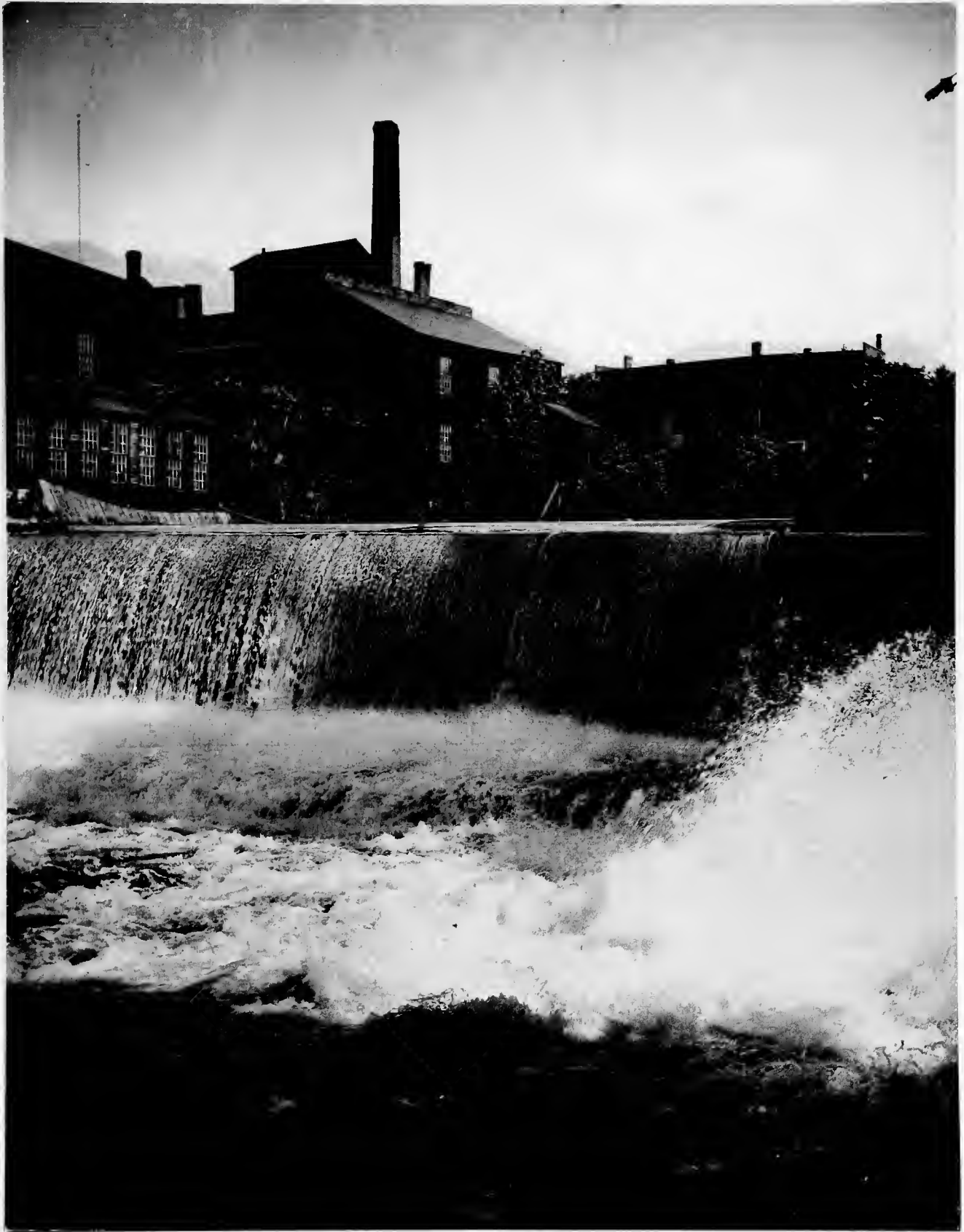
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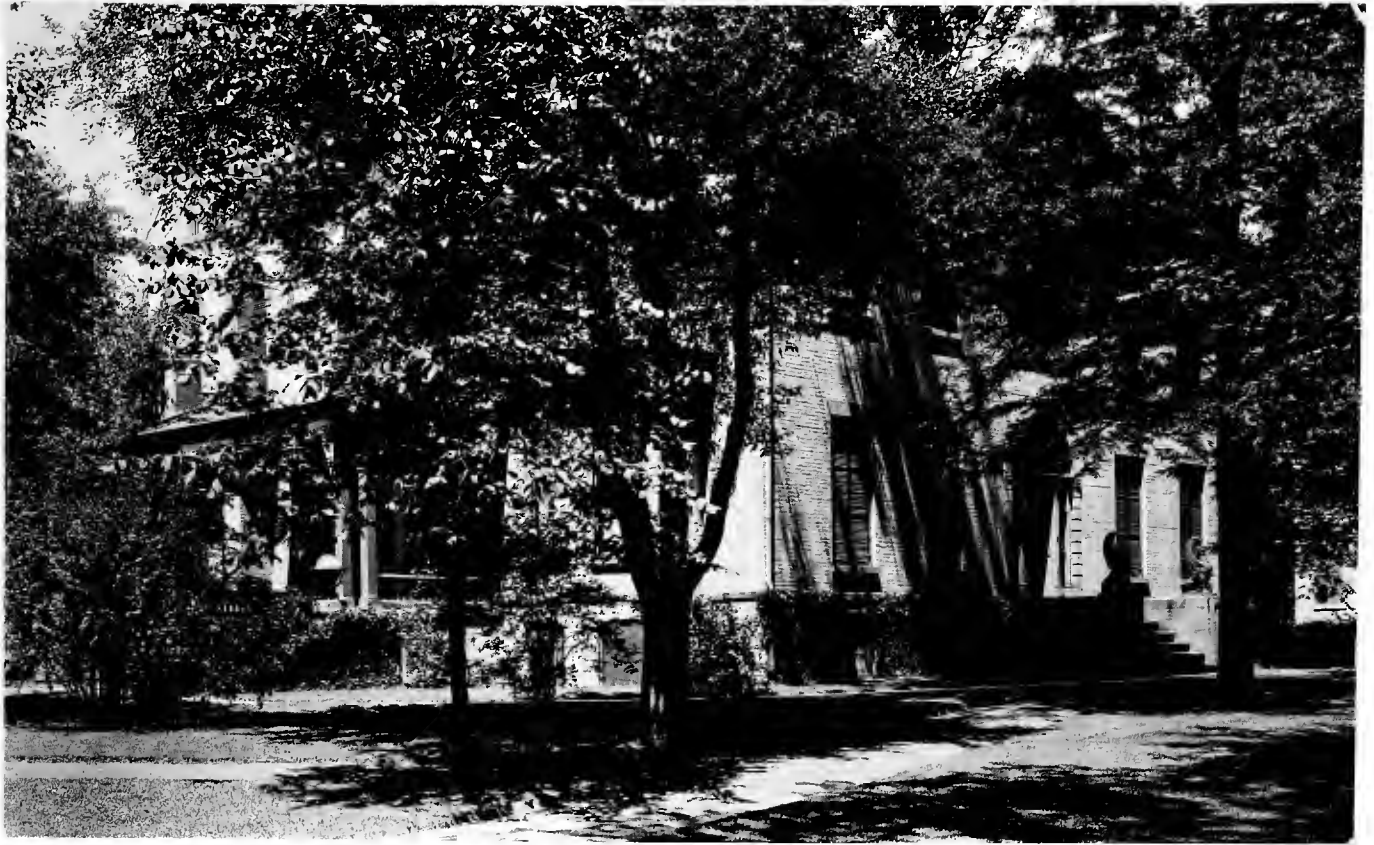


H. R. PAGE & CO.

1890.



SCENE AT FALLS.



RESIDENCE OF GEN. W. H. SEWARD.



RESIDENCE OF F. A. PARKER.



AUBURN SAVINGS BANK BUILDING.



SCENE IN FORT HILL CEMETERY.



ST. ALPHONSUS CHURCH.



INTERIOR OF CHURCH OF THE HOLY FAMILY.



SCENE ON STATE ST.



OSBORNE HOUSE.

especially toward the west, is one of surpassing beauty. The conical hills of Northern Cayuga, worthy of poetic embodiment or of the painter's masterly efforts, here loom in the near or distant perspective, and from this point one can gaze over a large part of the city itself or the teeming wheat fields and the almost unbroken chain of hills running east and west, from which the country gradually slopes toward the shores of Lake Ontario.

Almost at a diametrical point from this northern perch is the famous old Melrose, the Letchworth estate, for in his day Josiah Letchworth helped, by his zeal, public spirit and success in business, to make Auburn what it now is—a city of solid fortunes and of solid industrial foundations, with bright promises for the future.

The prison and asylum for insane criminals, situated on the north bank of the outlet, a few rods from the depot of the New York Central and Hudson River railroad, cover many acres. The metal painted figure of "Copper John," which crowns the prison dome, has given the institution its name in local dialect; so that the mention of a residence in "Copper John," which might sound harmless, even if puzzling, to an outsider, would convey at once a flood of meaning to the Auburn ear.

The seminary here situated is one of the leading Presbyterian institutions in the United States. It has trained the Japanese, the Armenian and many a representative of eastern lands, as well as the American theological student, for home or missionary work. One of its most eminent professors, Rev. Ransom Bethune Welch, D. D., LL. D., a representative of this country at the Pan Presbyterian council in Scotland, is the latest on its death roll, having died at Healing Springs, in Virginia, whither he had gone for rest and recovery, shortly after the expiration of the seminary session of 1889-90. Dr. Welch was a man of rare gifts, rare culture, rare piety. A distinguished member of the seminary faculty yet living is Rev. Samuel M. Hopkins, D. D., who as a controversialist and critic has a wide fame in the churches. Dr. Hopkins is one of the foremost disputants in the arena of Calvinistic discussion, and his views on revision attracted great notice and had great weight in the recent agitation of the subject before the General Assembly at Saratoga.

Auburn, though a busy manufacturing town, has its well-developed social and artistic side. It has been a rallying ground, as it has also been the starting point, of several histrionic stars now achieving wealth and fame in their yearly rounds; but it has only been within the last year or so that it has been able to boast of an adequate or tasteful opera house. The "New Burtis" fulfills these conditions, being inside a superbly finished building. Within a few days after its opening to the public Edwin Booth and Helena Modjeska, as Hamlet and Ophelia, attracted the largest and most fashionable audience which Central New York boards had seen for many years.

Auburn is the summer home of Rev. Theodore L. Cuyler, D. D., whose recent pathetic parting with his great congregation in Brooklyn after thirty years of eminent service, attracted wide attention and regret. In the evening of his days, yet vigorous and well-preserved, Dr. Cuyler illustrates the Scripture proverb that "better is he that layeth down his armor than he that taketh it on."

A father in Israel is Rev. Benoni I. Ives, D. D., a former presiding elder of this Methodist conference—a man of rare elocutionary gifts and national acquaintance.

Auburn's literary boast is the Seymour Library, and almost side by side with it on the principal business street, Genesee, stands the splendid new building of the Young Men's Christian Association. Side by side with these must be mentioned the fine, massive edifice of the Auburn High School. The Seymour Library is a chartered institution filled with many thousands of volumes of history, travels, science, art, politics, religion, romance and miscellaneous reading, with hosts of volumes of reference. The site and library were the bequest of the late James S. Seymour, and its prosperity and continuance by careful financial management is assured. Its Library Committee always bears on its roll names of the most prominent and accomplished citizens of Auburn.

The Young Men's Christian Association, with its six stories, overtopping the largest business houses, is a massive and beautiful building. Provision is made for lectures, religious and secular addresses, service of song, etc., which are as far removed as possible from sectarianism; and, also, among other features is a gymnasium, probably the finest in Central New York.

The site of the old High School building is land deeded for educational purposes by Robert Dill. A suitable tablet, recently placed over the portals of the present structure, records this benefaction of Colonel Hardenburgh's old colleague, whose name we have above mentioned. The old academy is famous in history as the scene of Roscoe Conkling's school-boy labors. His brother, Aurelian Conkling, was Mayor of the city, and gray-headed residents of Auburn still remember the tall, athletic, imperious boy, whose lava-like energy made him foremost in sports, foremost in disputations and foremost, if occasion demanded, in the settlement of disputes after school-boy fashion, or better still by generous reconciliation. Roscoe Conkling, to the day of his death, had a tender memory of Auburn.

The new High School, of massive brown stone with elaborate façade and broad antique entrance-way, is a noble specimen of architecture, and is by many considered the handsomest in the city. It accommodates an immense number of pupils, and its curriculum embraces a course equal to that of many popular colleges. At its annual commencements the scenes attending the class prophecy, the distribution of diplomas, etc., are of great interest, and invariably



Part Seven.

AUBURN

Illustrated.

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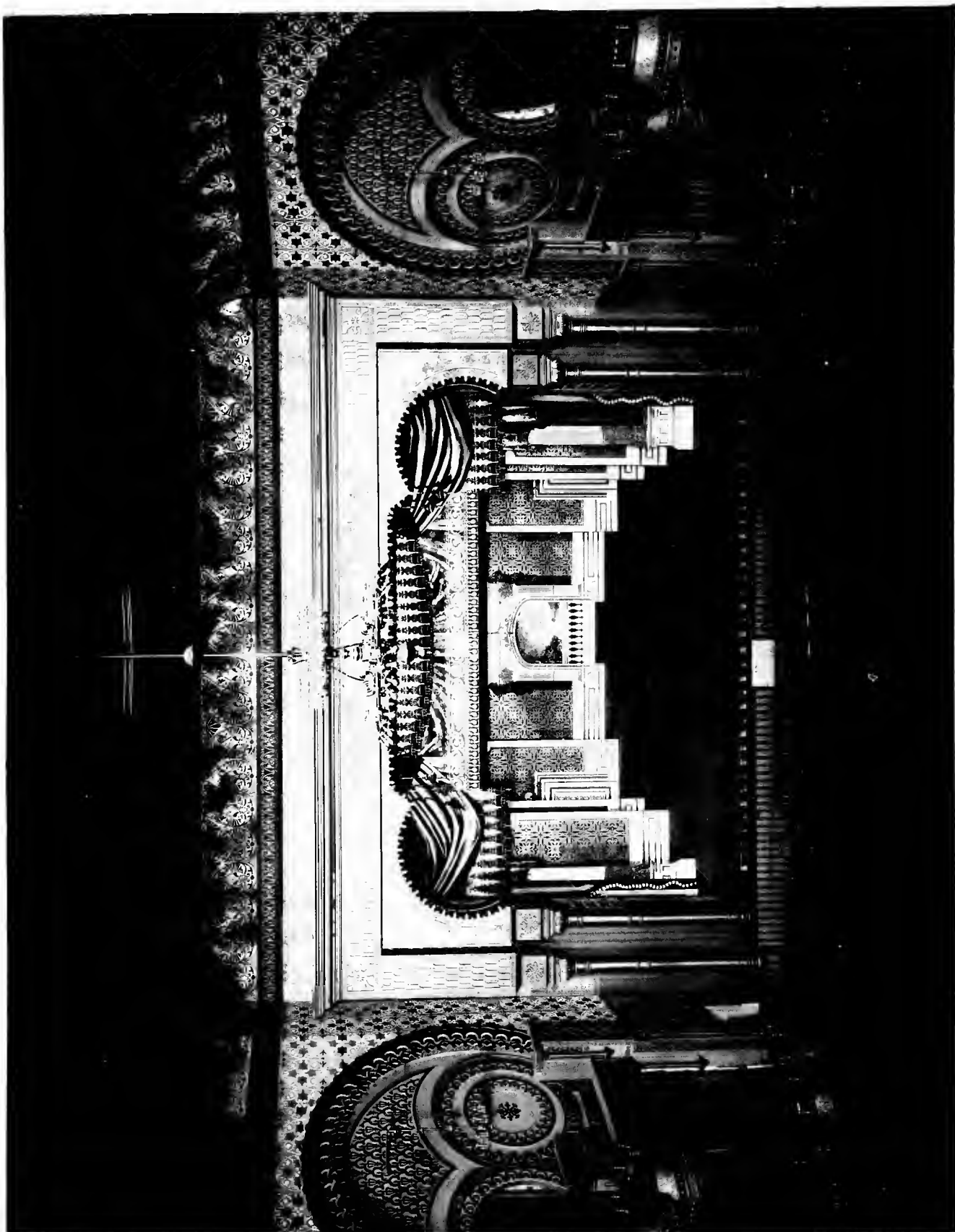




CLUB HOUSE AT OWASCO LAKE.



CASCADE HOUSE, OWASCO LAKE.



INTERIOR BURTIS OPERA HOUSE.

attract a crowded attendance. A conspicuous friend of the High School is Mr. Thomas M. Osborne, recently President of the Board of Education, and himself a former student. Mr. Osborne has done much to stimulate the interest of school competition by offering, from time to time, valuable prizes for essays and other school work. He is the only son of the late David Munson Osborne, and is his father's successor as President of the Osborne Company.

Conspicuous among the residences on the William Street front of the Seward Park is that of Cyrenus Wheeler, a gentleman who is universally known and esteemed in Auburn, not only as a man of mechanical genius and success, and for several terms latterly the Mayor of Auburn, but also one of those beneficent individuals of whom it may be said that their left hand knoweth not what their right hand doeth. Mr. Wheeler takes an almost fatherly interest in the city with which he has so long been associated, and in compliment to him the local name of Auburn's well-known military organization, the Second Separate Company of New York National Guards, is called the Wheeler Rifles. Captain Wm. M. Kirby, a veteran of the late war, is commander of this company, which has a proud record in the State annual camp at Peekskill for discipline and soldierly appearance.

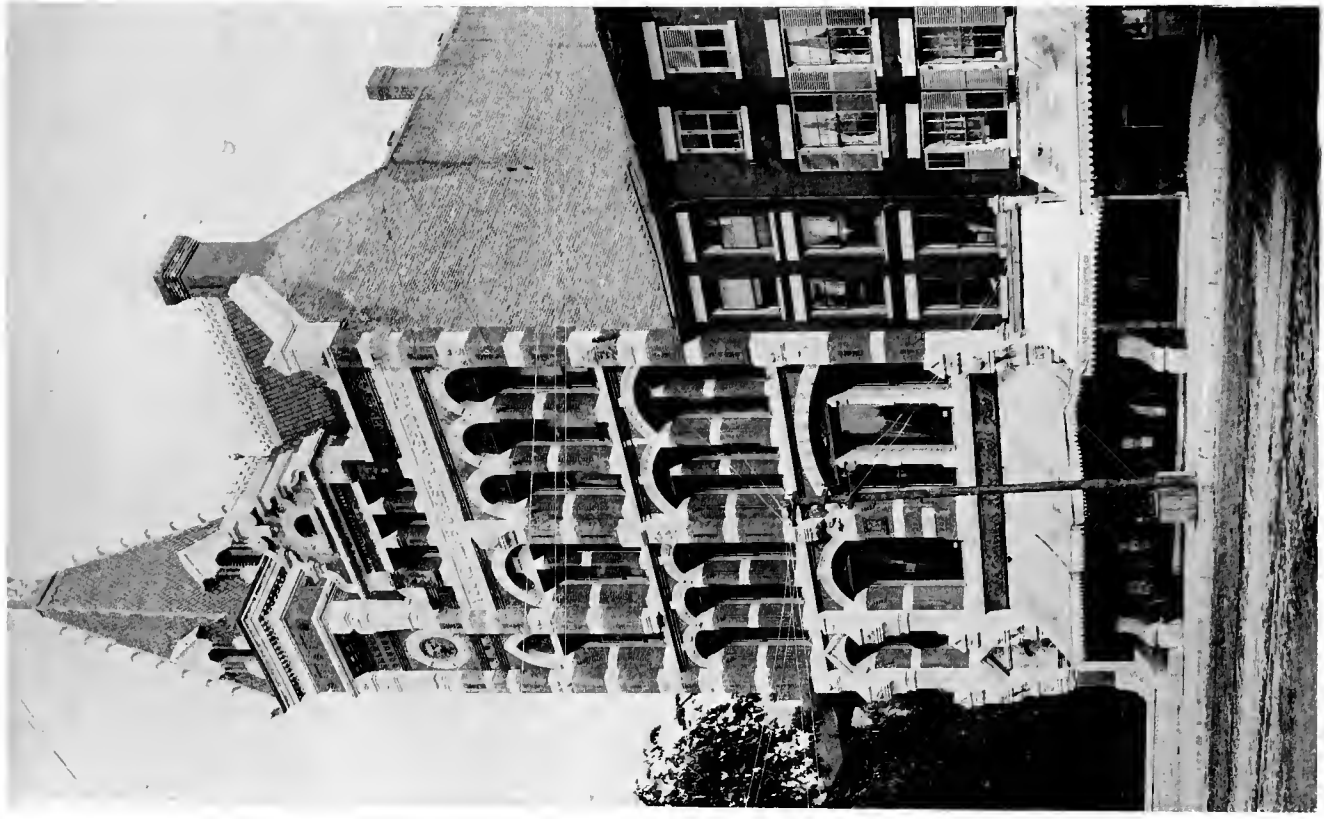
If Auburn in winter is enlivened by all the gayeties of fair and kermis, opera or *bal masqué*, or other occasions of assemblage of a fraternal kind, its summer is enlivened by the nearness of the beautiful Owasco Lake, to which reference has been made casually before, but whose rare picturesqueness might well merit a more elaborate and vivid limning.

A gem set in the hills of central Cayuga, the high frowning sides to the west, in summer rich in alternate ribbons of yellow wheat-fields and green oat-fields or still greener meadows. Then a band of woodland—the woodland so familiar as to its flora from the world-scattered pencilings of the poet-painters of the East—an Arcadia of elms and poplars and maples and firs. There a deep ravine, which on landing at the hotel Ensenore we ascend, up balconies of living rock and by circuitous and narrow pathways, now for a moment barred by the giant forest tree which has been felled or uprooted and has fallen across the stream and path at the same time. As we ascend, the quiet vistas of the glen unfold more and more, till at length we halt irresolute on the brow of a seemingly stark precipice at whose further end, plunging down a wide wall of rock, is the foaming rill whose course we have been exploring. There is a narrow path around the side of this precipice, but the gaze down the chasm is too deep for our nerves. We laugh at our own cowardice, but when we have reproduced the dizzy picture on our camera, and survey it in the quiet of our homes, we justify our discretion, which seems, indeed, in this instance the better part of valor.

Thus Ensenore sleeps on, its green shades bathed in the stray beams of



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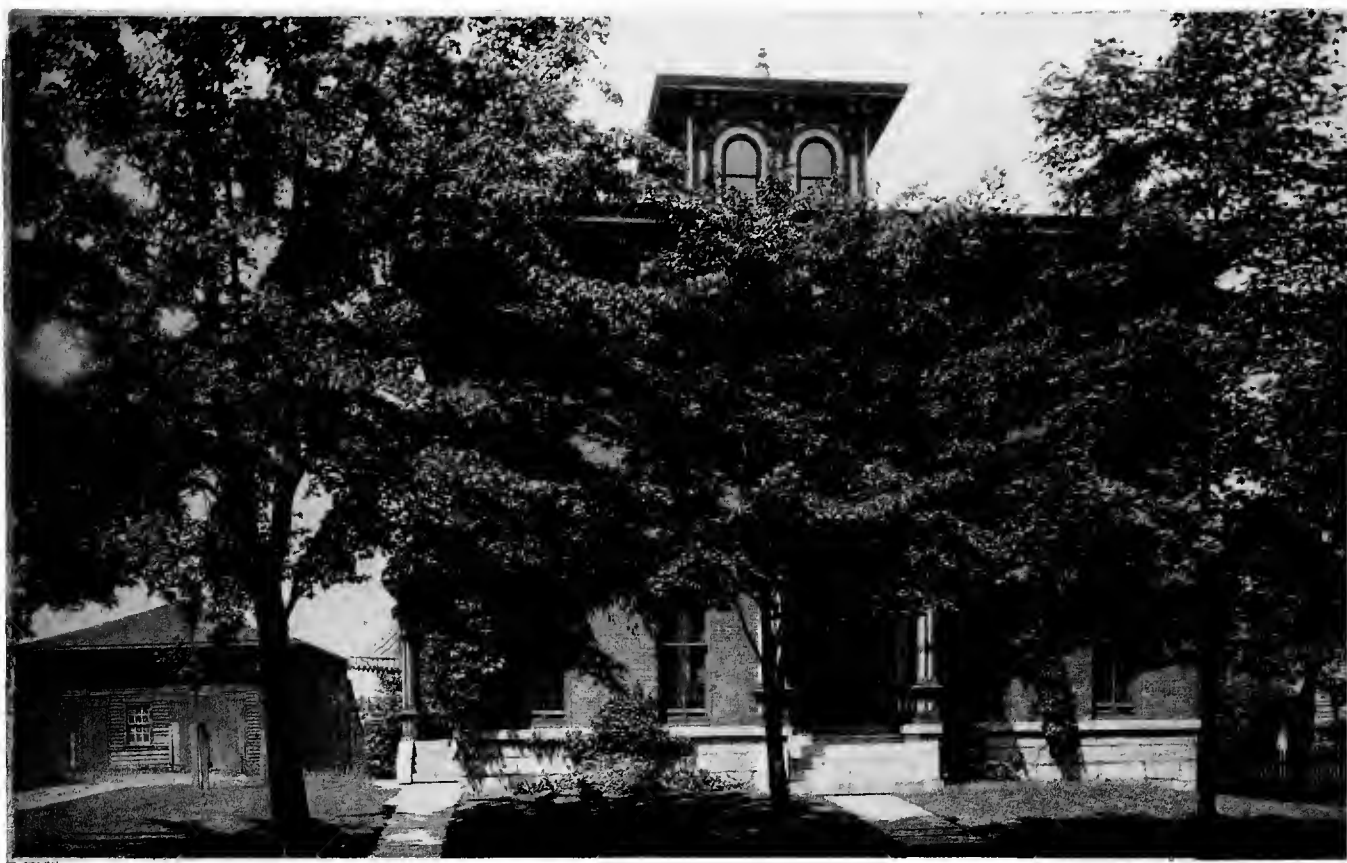
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NYE & WAIT WOOLEN MILLS.



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Part Eight.

AUBURN

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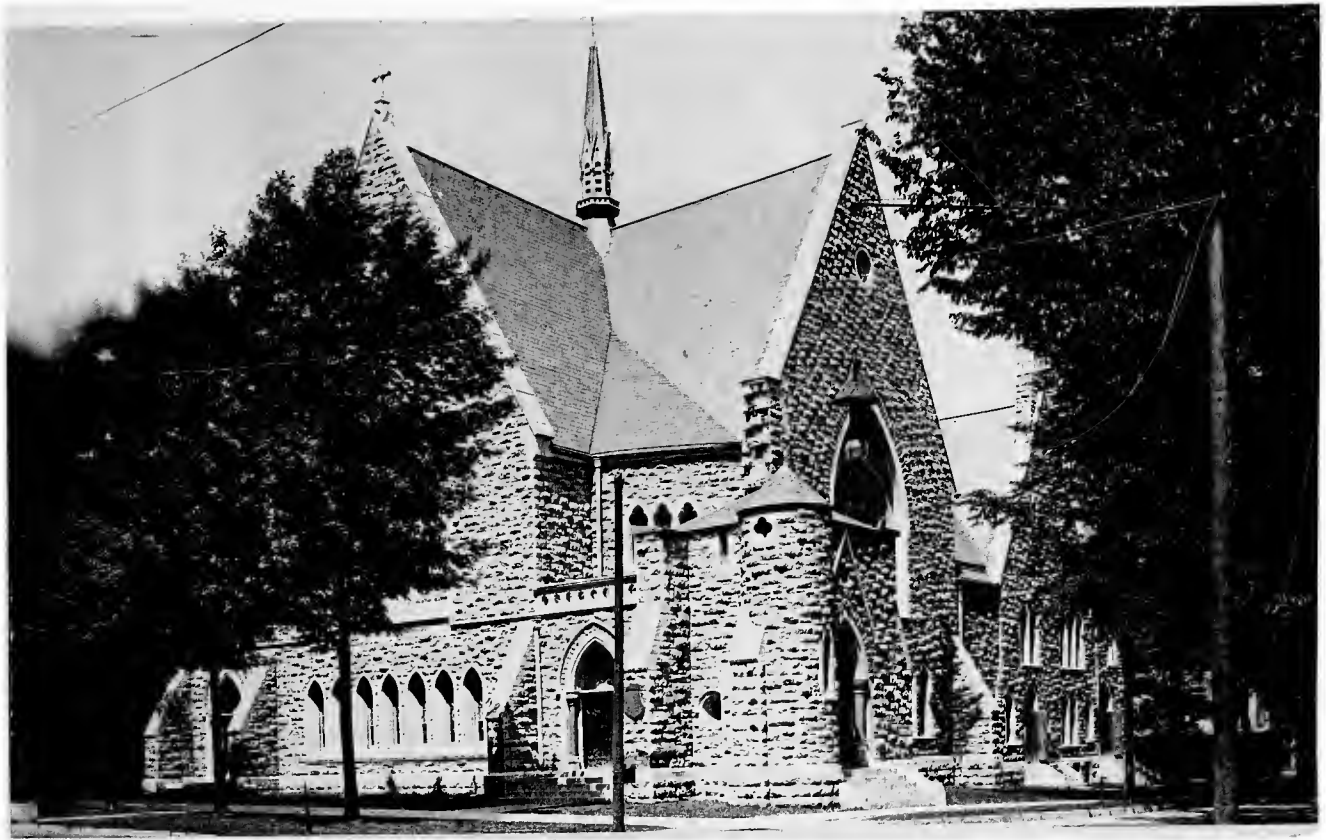
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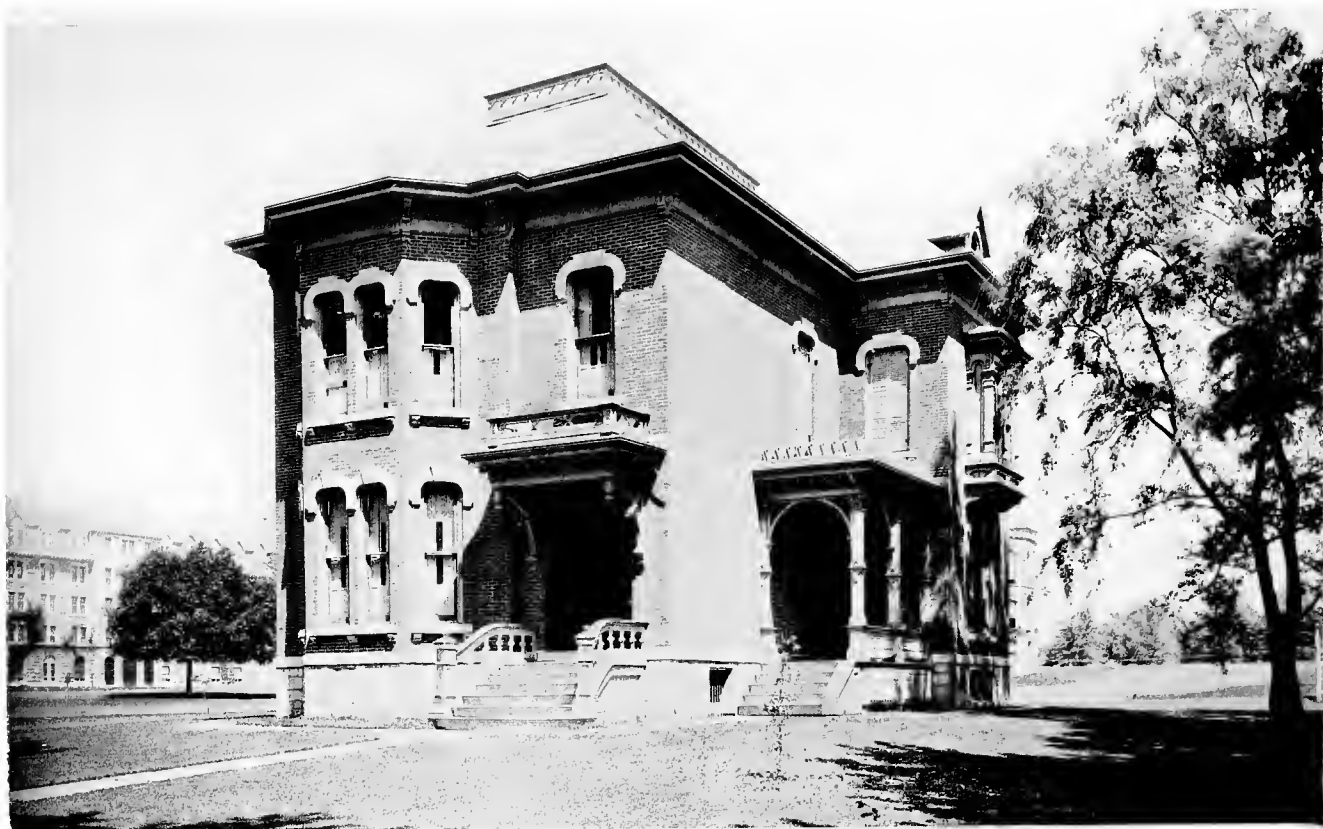
FIRST BAPTIST CHURCH.



DUNN & McCARTHY FACTORY.



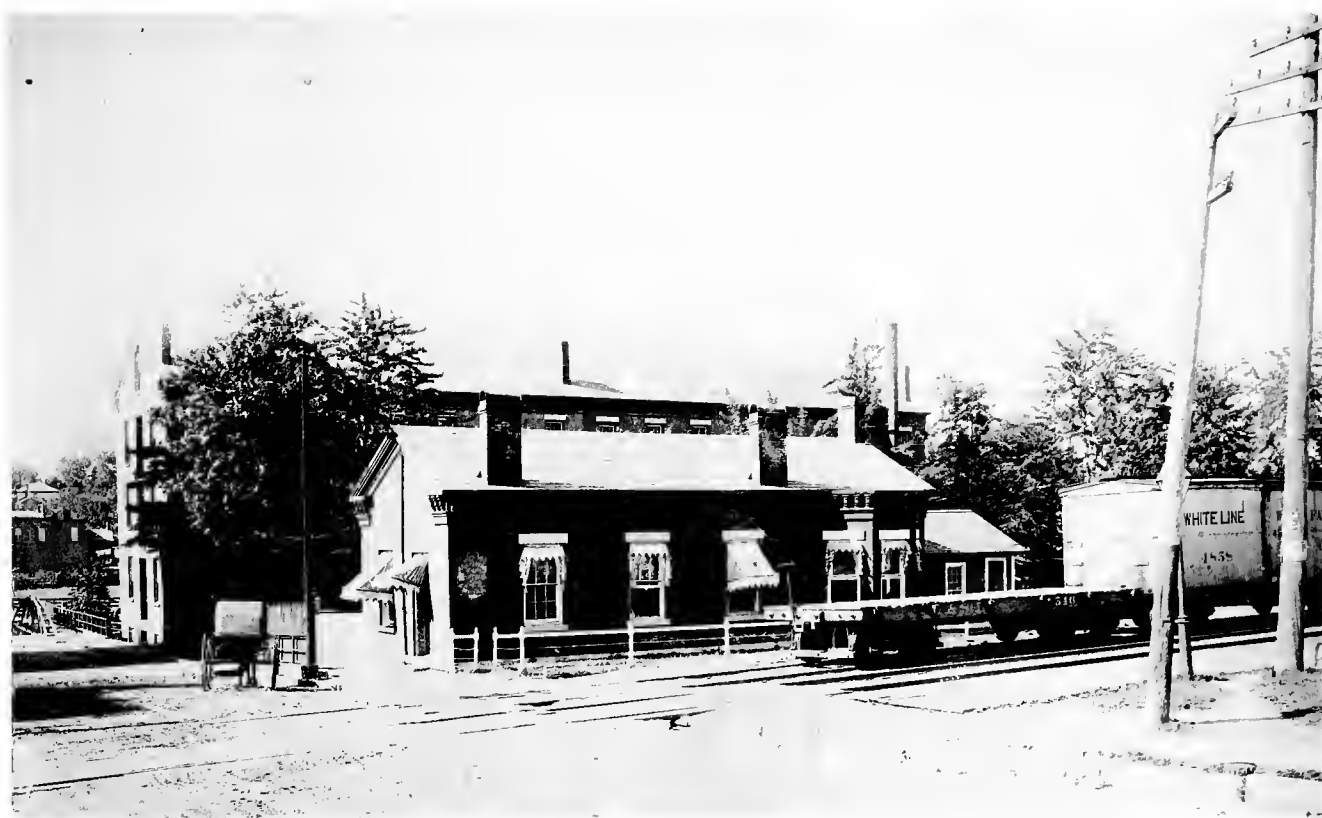
D. M. OSBORNE & CO. WORKS



JOHNSON HOUSE—RESIDENCE OF DR. RIGGS.



RESIDENCE OF J. E. STORKE.



A. W. STEVENS & SON WORKS.



AUBURN WAGON WORKS.



RESIDENCE OF JOSIAH BARBER.



PARSONAGE OF FIRST PRESBYTERIAN CHURCH.



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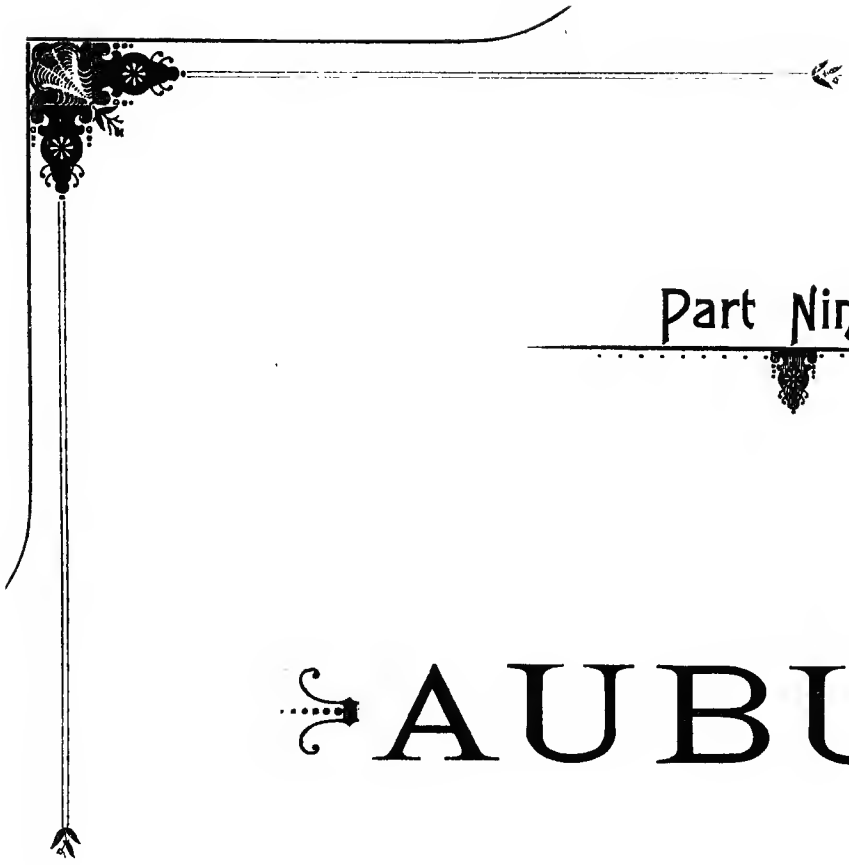
summer, or its stalaetites gleaming in the wintry sun—or last, but not least beautiful, its sere and yellow leaves of autumn through half openings, glowing with every richest hue of nature in the glow of farewell.

Happy, for who can tell?
Aerial beings from the world unseen.
Haunting the sunny dell,
Or slowly floating o'er the flowery green,
May join our worship here,
With harmonies too fine for mortal ear.

Of Auburn it may be said that it is half a New England and Knickerbocker, half a foreign city. A summer vacation in the East, particularly in the Old Bay State, is to many of its people a series of delightful reunions. Many of its families boast their descent from the Pilgrim pioneers, who with Bible in one hand and axe in the other clove their way through the giant forests and built their quaint, rustic bridges over the Connecticut and the Housatonic—men who, single of aim and resolute of purpose, with no dreams of empire, yet paved the way for an empire of the mind and a republic of universal freedom. The ranks of the clergy and other learned professions in this fair midland city have been at all periods of its history largely recruited from this parent stock; and thus a fine vein of New England life and customs runs through the social and religious life of Auburn, and the loyalty to these old memories is well evinced in the enthusiasm with which Thanksgiving Day is always observed here, and which, caught from the sons and daughters or descendants of Massachusetts or Connecticut parentage, is now generally observed by those of foreign birth. The presence of three churches of the Roman faith and two of the Episcopal has always been a guarantee of a like enthusiastic Christmas tide—but there is a truly catholic spirit among all the churches of Auburn, and all of the leading festivals are observed as heartily by any one as by the others, an instance of pleasant sympathy and liberality which stamps Auburn as a broadly American city in its religious and other observances, and interests strangers who at first expect to see this or that sectarian or sectional prejudice uppermost.

Auburn is almost unvisited by calamities. Is this a bold statement? Yet it is singularly true, according to the statistics. There has not been a serious fire for years; no loss of property by floods worth mentioning; no loss of life by any other than accidental or suicidal means, with perhaps one or two exceptions, for a number of years. Its death rate is one of the smallest in this country. The exemption from destructive fires is due, in part at least, to a fire department which has a name and fame to be proud of among the protective organizations of the State.

In the social life of Auburn, in the winter its many organizations and brotherhoods bear a prominent part. Every evening is marked by some event



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SCENE ON OWASCO LAKE FROM PORT LAWTON.



PORT LAWTON, OWASCO LAKE.



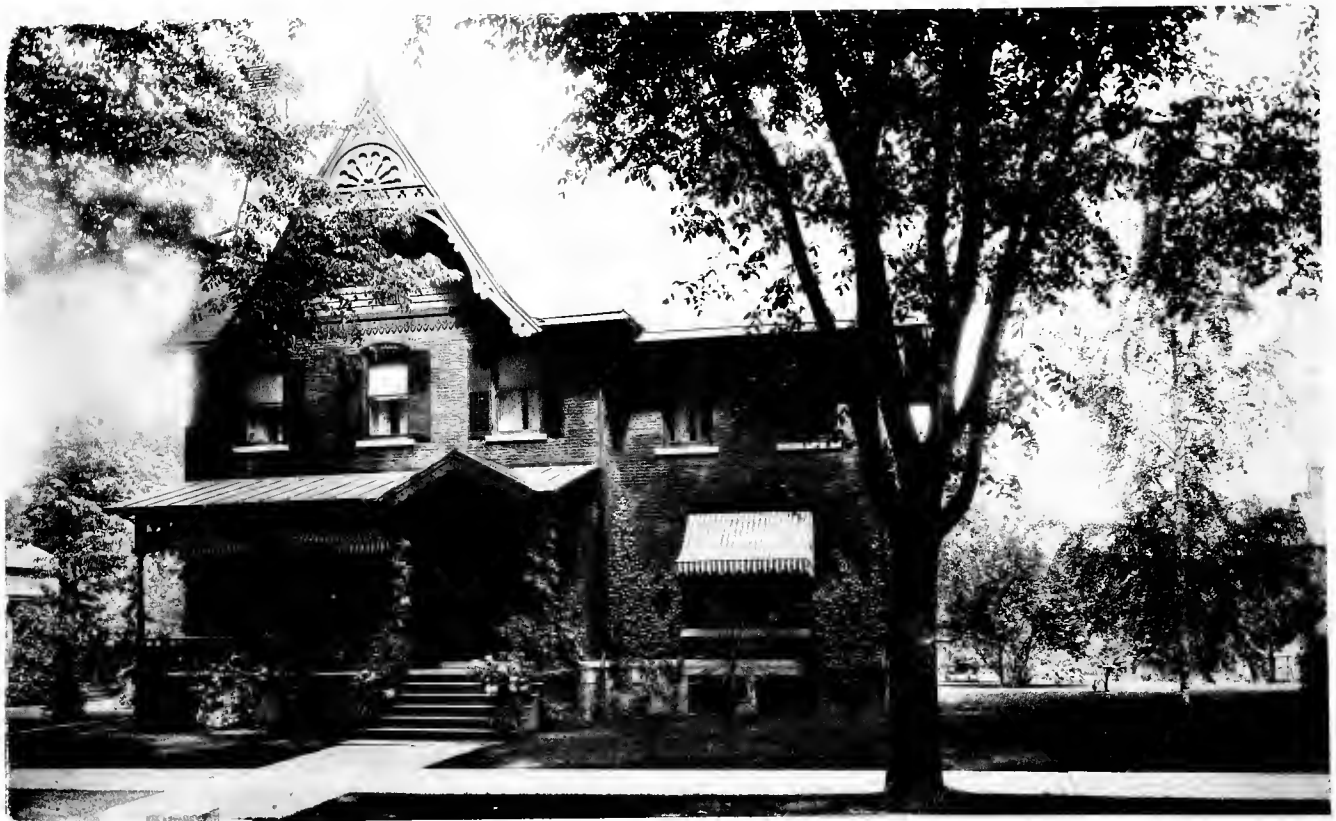
THE E. D. CLAPP MFG CO.



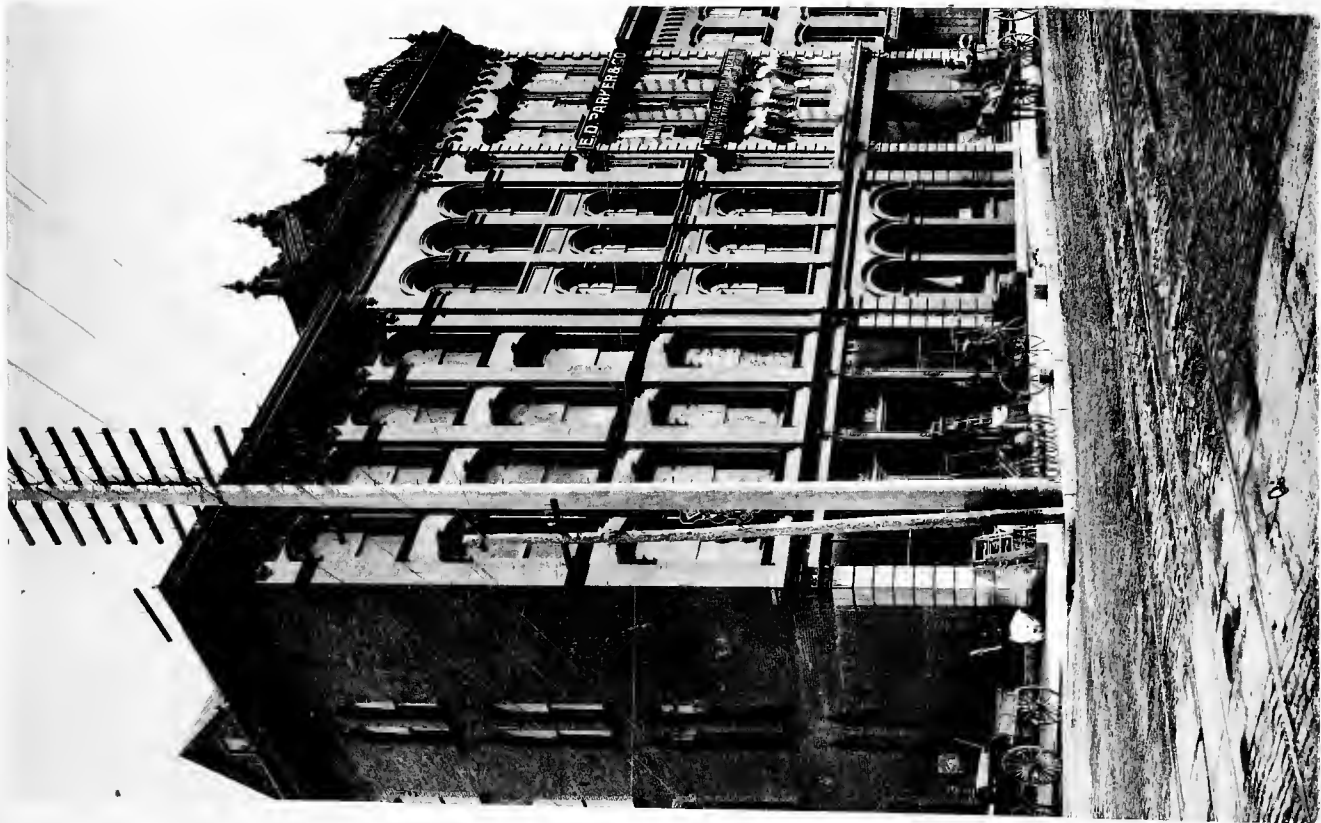
STONE MILL AND LEWIS BLOCK.



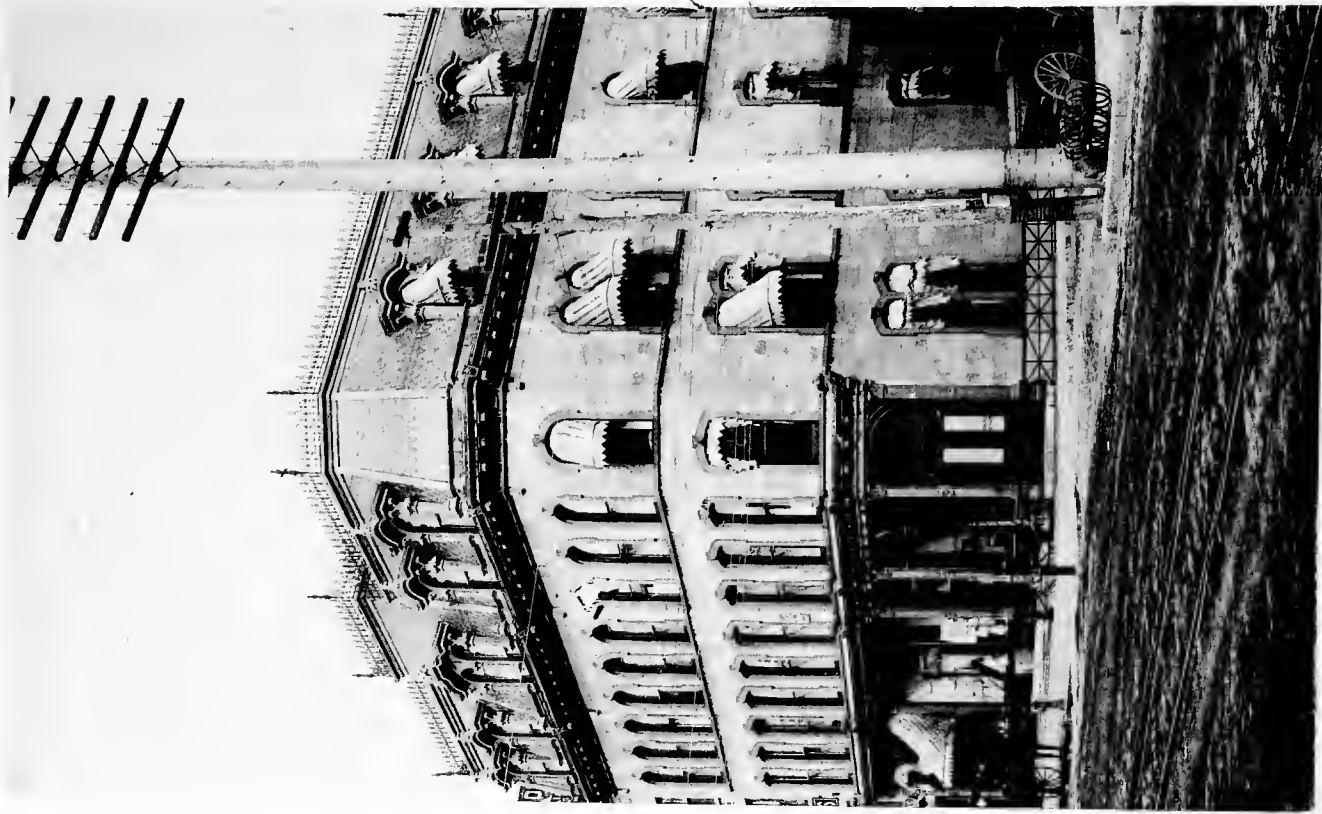
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RESIDENCE OF P. C. WOODRUFF.



SMITH BUILDING.



SEWARD BLOCK.



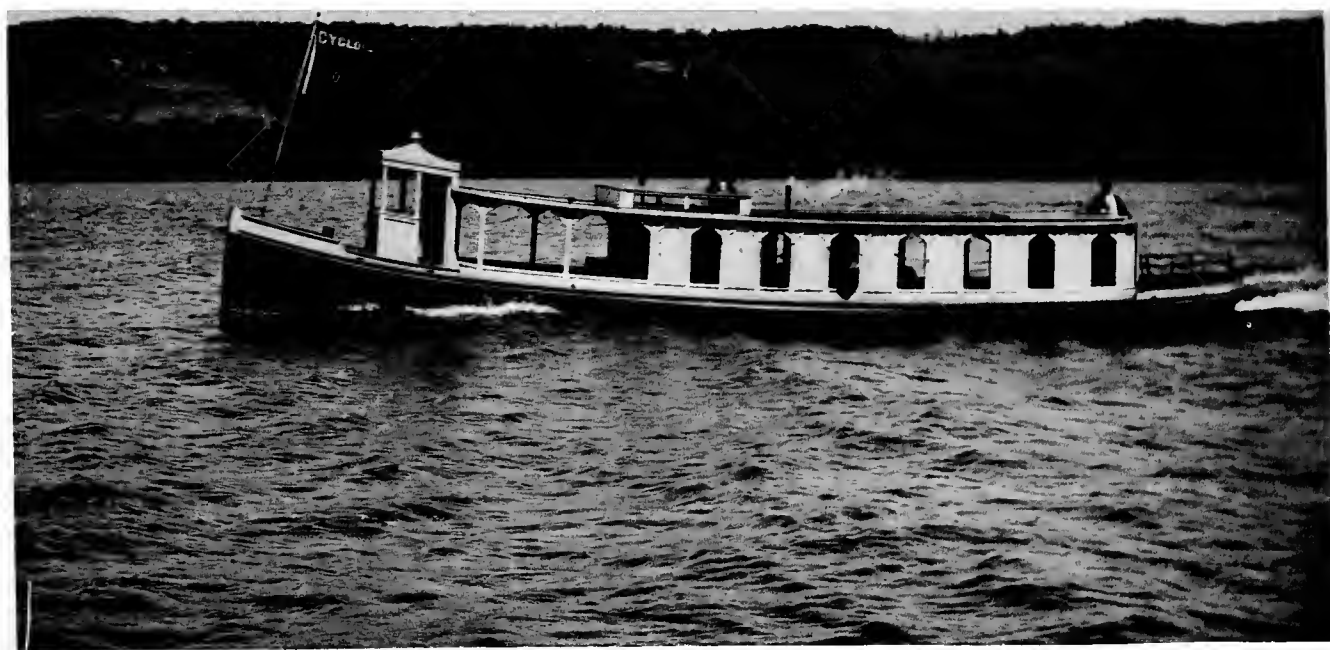
RESIDENCE OF C. E. KIRKPATRICK.



RESIDENCE OF WM. SUTCLIFFE.



SCENE ON CREEK.



CYCLONE ON OWASCO LAKE.



RESIDENCE OF DR. E. A. HUNTINGTON.



RESIDENCE OF N. BEARDSLEY.

of decided interest to one coterie or another. Its English, Irish, German and other societies have each their appropriate anniversary, while its two Grand Army posts hold frequent and interesting camp fires. Its Woman's Christian Temperance Union is a healthy and progressive branch, and Auburn enjoys the rather unique distinction that, by an amendment to its charter passed by the Legislature and approved by the Governor in 1888, women are entitled to vote at the election for School Commissioners, subject only to those qualifications imposed on voters previously.

The citizens of Auburn generally have a high ambition for their city. It is not alone in the line of material progress that they dream dreams of what a decade or more of years may bring. They look backwards to the splendid efforts and splendid successes of the pioneers who opened up this fair region and paved the way for its progress of to-day. They look back to its own local history, rich in the achievements of sterling and gifted men, and to the memory of the many brilliant spirits who have in various lines of business or professional achievement conferred, elsewhere, honor on the place which gave them birth or else nurtured their young energies. They desire to see it a center of refined and cultivated thought, as it is already a place where education and general culture always commands a liberal outlay. They recognize that every city, large or small, comes to be known to the outside world by some characteristics which give it an individuality and special force, and they desire that its progress shall meet the ambition of its elder pioneers, whose lives were brave and self-sacrificing, and whose aim it was to see the village and future city of their founding enjoy always a fame for good order, patriotism and high moral as well as material progress. They have around them the inspiration of a region rich in natural beauty and identified to the full with the general march of American progress. They point to Auburn's past as a city proudly, yet with a pride that is born of the hope that that past will continue to have its counterpart for patriotism and energy in the future life of the city. They treasure their olden history in order that their children may have these high exemplars of civic genius and energy luminous before them, and believing that Auburn has yet a long and honorable future before it, they thank God and take courage, feeling that it is the homes which make the city and the State—the States which make the country—and that every city dome or country hill-top over which floats the emblem of our country's liberties should be able to signal men by thousands, not only to rally, if occasion demands, for her defense, but also, in their lives, to speak its lesson that it is righteousness—the righteousness of faith in God and work at things useful—which exalteth a nation. If such is the true ambition of her sons and daughters, we may say of our own "loveliest village," as of our native land at large, *esto perpetua*.

